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PROTESTANTISM AND LIBERTY

by Thomas P. Neill

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THE SIGN MAGAZINE

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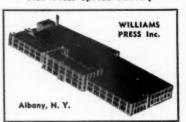
UNION CITY, N. J.—Breaking all previous records, The Sign, national Catholic magazine, will publish 245,000 copies of its April issue, it was announced here by the Passionist Fathers.

The figure represents the highest circulation in the magazine's 31-year history.

Sell-outs of two consecutive issues made necessary the record-breaking print order. In January, almost print order. In January, almost 4,000 more subscriptions were processed than in the similar month in 1951. And in February, over 18,000 more were handled than in February. ary, 1951.

Because of the huge increase, several thousand subscriptions had to be postponed from the March to the April issue.

New Press Speeds Delivery



The Sign is now being printed at The Sign is now being printed at the vast Albany, N. Y. plant of The Williams Press Inc. Its ultra complete equipment—100 presses, over 70 linotypes, monotypes, electrotype and stereotype machines—provides all the facilities needed to give *The Sign's* readers "the best matter in the best matter." the best manner".

High-speed, web-rotary presses produce over 200,000 copies of The Sign in two days. And in two more days these copies are in the mail for Sign readers the world over.

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CITY. ZONE STATE

April, 1952



Ray Kelly, General Agent for the Northern Pacific Railway in Milwau-Wis. kee. will escort The "Tour of the West, which has been arranged for readers of this magazine, Aug-

ust 3-17. He's one of the warmest-hearted good fellows you'll ever meet, loves people, and is never happier than while traveling with a nice crowd on an escorted tour around this country of ours.

This 1952 trip is moderately priced, as high-grade tours go these days. It includes Colorado, Grand Canyon, San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, the California Missions, Portland, Seattle and Rainier Park.

As a reader of *The Sign*, you are invited. This 2-week tour around America is especially for you.

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"Counsel Takes a Wife"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

As a subscriber and "booster" of THE Sign, may I say that I was dismayed to read your editorial in the issue of February, 1952, "The Counsel Takes a Wife." Mr. Halley was performing his official duty as prosecutor of the men whose names you mention, and in this instance, any deviations in his personal life would appear to be beside the point. Would it not be, at once, more honest and constructive to stress the importance of honesty and integrity on the part of Catholics in all walks of life? Certainly the recent investigations have brought to light an appalling lack of these qualities in Catholics in high places, and in low places, too-if Mr. Costello is one of us!

I can see no purpose served by your editorial: a bit of theorizing and, yes, a bit of mudslinging, but no word in condemnation of graft and dishonesty. Altogether, the editorial is out of place between the covers of The Sign.

ANNA R. GEIGER

Washington, D. C.

Editor's Note: The point of the comment (THE SIGN, page six, February) was that, in the United States, divorce is as great a social evil as gambling. Mr. Halley, who has been so dramatically connected with the war on gambling, is somewhat dramatically connected with divorce. He has been divorced by two wives and has recently married a third. The occasion called for no horsewhipping of the Catholic Church in public. That chore is amply attended to by certain non-Catholics. Certain Catholics seem to relish it too.

A Re-Reader

(A letter to one who remails The Sign to East Germany)
Dear Miss. . . .

Since some months my son . . . receives the wonderful Catholic magazine, The Sign, and it makes me ashamed not to thank you whose address I always find on the cover. Please let me thank you for this your kindness! Surely you know our hardest conditions, especially the mentional ones, we live in. Let me keep silent of

it! Each word can be dangerous for us. But it makes our cross easier to bear, when knowing there are our brothers and sisters in our Holy Faith who are feeling with us and who wish to help us in a mentional way.

Surely Mr. and Mrs. . . . have told you of our family. Seven children, the eldest daughter a nun—the other six all are studying. Let me also keep silence of all the sacrifices to let them study. Oh, if we could be Communist, our life would be easier. But only the thought of coming freedom and peace give us the strength to bear the cross. And this begging, help us pray! Prayers are the bridge from earth to heaven, and also from nation to nation, from men to the other.

Your grateful,

Women's Magazines

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

You have me puzzled. I assume, from the masculine ring of the name, that Milton Lomask is a man. Yet why would The Sign have a man write a critical review (in five installments, yet) of the various women's magazines? It's just as sensible as if you'd asked me, one of your female contributors, to air my views on Field and Stream, or Popular Mechanics, or The American Rifleman.

Yet how could even Mr. Lomask (alone and lost and suffocating in a woman's world) have missed fire so badly in his treatment of Woman's Day? I would venture to say that it's about the best-liked and respected magazine in the country, and I imagine there are about 3,749,000 other women readers in the United States who would back me up.

LUCILE HASLEY

South Bend, Ind.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Without the shadow of a doubt, the New York Times, Tribune, McCall's, Woman's Home Companion, Ladies' Home Journal, etc. dd infinitum are anything but perfect examples of quality reading in all presentations and deserve a jolt to the editors on matters offensive to truth, ethics, good sense, (Continued on page 79)



NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

APRIL

1952

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No. 9

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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JERRY COTTER (Drama)
DON DUNPHY (Sports)
KATHERINE BURTON
(Women's Interests)

REV. ALOYSIUS McDonough, C.P., (Sign Post)

DOROTHY KLOCK (Radio) CLIFFORD LAUBE (Poetry)

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FRANK ROSSI

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Business Manager
REV. JAMES A. McAchon, C.P.,

Production Manager

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Advertising Manager

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REV. EMMANUEL TRAINOR, C.P.,

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ditor's page

Passionist Centenary

N the morning of December 2, 1720, a young man of twenty-six seated himself at a wooden table in a small cell attached to the Church of St. Charles at Castellazzo in Northern Italy. For five days he wrote rapidly, with brief interruptions to eat a crust of bread, to snatch a few hours of sleep, and to pray kneeling upright before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. On December 7, he put down his pen, folded carefully the sheets of paper, and dropped to his knees to thank God for the great grace that had

been given him. The young man was Paul Daneo, later to be known as Father Paul of the Cross, and still later as St. Paul of the Cross, Founder of the Passionists. In that cell at Castellazzo, in so brief a space of time, he had written the rules of a Congregation which as yet did not exist. A layman, unfamiliar with Church law, who had never read the rules of a religious order, he produced a detailed rule of religious life that was later approved and hailed by Roman Congregations and by Supreme Pontiffs as a masterpiece of legislation for religious. St. Paul always believed that the rules were inspired by God. In obedience to his confessor, he later declared: "When I was writing, I went on as quickly as if somebody in a professor's chair were dictating to me. I felt the words come from my heart."

From those days at Castellazzo until his death, St. Paul devoted himself to the task of founding and governing the Congregation of the Passion. When he died in 1775, he had established twelve houses in various parts of Italy. By the middle of the next century, the Passionists had spread throughout most of the continent of Europe and

into England.

In the spring of 1843, the Rev. Michael O'Connor, a secular priest of the Pittsburgh diocese, went to Rome to obtain permission to become a Jesuit. As he knelt at the Pope's feet to present his request, the Holy Father bent over and gently forbade him to arise until he had consented to become Bishop of Pittsburgh. "You shall be a bishop first," he said prophetically, "and a Jesuit afterward." Nine years later, Bishop O'Connor journeyed to Rome in search of priests to help him, and when he returned to

Pittsburgh in 1852, he was accompanied by four Passionists, the founders of the Congregation of the Passion in this country. Today, just one hundred years later, there are two provinces, an Eastern and a Western, with monasteries from coast to coast, and with missions among the Negroes of the South as well as in China and

Like every founder of a religious order, St. Paul of the Cross had a specific purpose in mind. He wanted his religious to foster in themselves and in the faithful a fervent devotion to the Passion of Christ. For their own sanctification, he ordained a life of poverty, solitude, and prayer, similar in many respects to that of the Carthusians and Trappists. From the Invitatory of Matins at two o'clock in the morning to the last strains of the Salve Regina of Compline, five hours a day are spent in prayer and in chanting the Divine Office in Choir. But where the strictly contemplative orders engage in manual labor, St. Paul directed that his religious should preach missions and retreats, conduct closed retreats, and go into pagan lands as missionaries.

URING the month of April, in which occurs the feast of our Holy Founder, we American Passionists celebrate the centenary of the Congregation in this country. For a hundred years now, Passionists have lived and labored on American soil. We have striven to sanctify ourselves in monastic solitude through penance and prayer, especially through the contemplation of Christ's Passion, and to bring to the faithful, through our apostolic ministrations, the fruits of that Sacred Passion.

The end of one century is the beginning of another. While we look backward with gratitude, we also look forward with hope. May we ask the readers of The Sign, published by the Passionists, to help us in thanking God for favors bestowed and in imploring God's blessing for the years to come.

Father Ralph Gorman, CP.



Fact and Comment

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT



In Korea PFC Glenn Biase makes an Easter bonnet out of his helmet. Humor is needed over there where we call war a police action, and where mention of victory is taboo.



A picture of devotion at Mass. The U. S. Infantry Corporal above, is unaware of the photographer as he prays at Korean front. Let's join him in prayers for peace.

N March 3, the U.S. Supreme Court decided that New York's Feinberg Law is constitutional. Assenting were Chief Justice Vinson and Associate Justices Minton, Reed,

Justice Douglas Says "No" And Tells Why

Jackson, Burton, and Clark. Dissenting were Associate Justices Frankfurter, Douglas, and Black. Frankfurter's dissent was based on a disclaimer of jurisdiction.

The Supreme Court, he said, had no authority to decide. The Douglas dissent-in which Black concurred-was both interesting and, we think, vulnerable.

Douglas' position is not clear. He ambiguously confuses teachers who are Communists with teachers who teach Communism and teachers who have been innocent members of organizations which Communists have infiltrated.

But this is his message as we catch it: The Constitution guarantees the citizen freedom of expression. A teacher is a full citizen, not a second class one. So teachers should be permitted to advocate Communism.

Here, we think, the jurist is guilty of an old error which has been challenged and corrected long ago. Communism has beeen tested in practical, realistic circumstances. It has been found not merely defective. It has been found a prohibitively vicious and poisonous political system.

For a teacher to advocate Communism in school is not a matter of free opinion and taste, like approval of Gershwin's music or Marquand's fiction. It is a matter of advocating a disastrous and discredited thing-like encouraging the use of

Mr. Justice Douglas implies that Communism can be discussed in comparison with American Democracy, as Constitutional Monarchism can-as a rival but reputable system. By actual test, Communism is no such thing. And taxpayers cannot be accused of tampering with academic freedom when they prevent their children from being taught that it is.

The jurist visualizes teachers cowering under the surveillance of school superintendents, students, and students' parents. This sort of accountability, he warns, will prevent teachers from doing their work.

But why should it? Every employee, in every efficient organization, must get used to supervision. If there is no supervision, there is little work done, or bad work. Mr. Truman is finding that out the hard way, at the moment. What are time clocks for, and foremen and cops and courts and jails? They are instruments of supervision and accounta-

We all have to live with them. And we live better for them. Why must teachers be considered too sensitive to make the adjustment? Particularly when most teachers don't

Anyway, that is not the point. The controversy over Communist teachers did not arise because teachers told students about Communism. It arose when Commie teachers refused to tell the truth about Communism.



General Nam II, head of Communist Truce Delegation, comes to conference in a Chrysler. Strange that this leader of the proletariat would ride in a car built by capitalists.



General Ulepic, Chief of Yugoslav Air Force, has been observing our air installations. Why are we so quick to show our secrets to very dubious allies? Can we trust Tito?



The price of defense is appalling but necessary. Asst. Army Secretary, Bendetsen, shows model aircraft gun of last war. It cost: \$10,000. The latest model: \$275,000!

· That is what the whole question boils down to—teaching the truth. Communism is a system of such a character that no nation ever willingly adopted it and no nation, which has endured it, would fail to kill it in a free election.

The Feinberg Law was framed to prevent public employees from telling kids it is something else, something good, something better than American Democracy. Without some legal control, such as the Feinberg Law, these public employees would be paid public cash for telling a lie.

Justice Douglas seems to have missed this point. Justice

Black concurred.

TOM Connally is the senior Senator from Texas. He is also a character. Affecting a black string bow tie, chomping bovinely on a burned out cigar stump, and terrifying his

Senator Connally Spouts Bigotry opponents with his whip-lash sarcasm, Connally has been a familiar figure in Congress since 1917. Washington correspondents have built him and his bi-

zarre garb, his cigars, and his caustic profanities into a legend known far beyond the conference chambers and cloak rooms of the Capitol. Lately, Tom has been acting as if his brains as well as his symbolic cigar were burned out.

First was his unreasonable attitude on the question of an ambassador to the Vatican. He was opposed to it, which is his or anybody's privilege. However, unwilling or unable to discuss the subject calmly, he showed his true colors by his intemperate outbursts. At the height of the controversy, he received the fanatical leaders of a horde of anti-Catholics and hate mongers who had been turned away by the White House and ignored by other members of Congress.

Then, the other day during a debate, he stood on the floor of the Senate and snarled," I think I am a better American than a great many people in Hawaii. I have been to Hawaii. The majority of the people there are not of American ancestry or descent." That sort of stuff is out and out bigotry. It is Ku Klux Klanism at its worst. And anyhow, what are the ancestry and descent of Tom Connally?

Within twenty-four hours of this shameful diatribe, indignant Hawaiian citizens had subscribed \$5000 to send four Hawaiian veterans and a Gold Star mother to Washington to protest to the Senator. We hope they make Tom eat his words.

AFTER years of cleverly hiding its potent influence under the platform, behind the mike, and between the lines, the deceptive and highly lucrative practice of ghostwriting

Ghosts Walk In Washington is about to be made respectable, even elevated to a profession. American University, in Washington, D. C., proudly announces a course in speech ghostwriting,

with a special nod toward government employees. The "perfessor" is himself a rather experienced "ghost," J. Donald Knox, of the State Department. Surely, anyone holding a post in that branch of our government must, at least, be well-versed in the arts of doubletalk, gobbledygook, and downright evasion. What further qualifications Mr. Knox possesses for occupying the chair of ghostwriting we have been unable to learn.

This latest addition to the curriculum of the liberal arts points to a glaring fault and a shameful sign of the times in official Washington. All too many of our leaders and prominent government figures are either too lazy or too plain dumb to author their own speeches and public utterances. When faced with the task of making a pronouncement on some vital question or enlightening their constituents on critical issues they shirk the responsibility and the brain

work involved by calling in a ghostwriter to cook up a speech, like a comedian engaging a team of gagwriters.

It is rapidly getting so that, today, the American people do not know whether an official is speaking his own mind, giving the results of his own mental labors, or merely parroting the words and ideas of a glib ghostwriter whose only talent is a facile pen. This is a species of intellectual dishonesty that is widespread in Washington officialdom today. It is sadly indicative of the low estate of governmental morality. It tends to weaken the confidence of the public.

Can anyone imagine Lincoln or Woodrow Wilson or Andrew Jackson or William Borah acting as a dummy for some invisible and incompetent scrivening ventriloquist? No reasonable person expects every leader and government official to be a combination Cicero, Daniel Webster, and Winston Churchill. However, every American citizen has an incontestable right to expect and demand complete intellectual honesty in all the speeches and public utterances of his elected representatives and his appointed officials.

I T isn't often that an item of international politics carries a precise moral message. But a story has recently come out of Czecho-Slovakia which provides the proverbial ex-

Comrades, Lay Me Down To Sleep

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ception to the rule. When the Communists seized control of the democratic Czech state in February, 1948, there was a member of parliament named Alois Petr.

He belonged to the People's Party and was a Catholic.

But, apparently, Petr was afflicted with an allergy which occasionally attacks Catholic politicians. It's symptom is a more pronounced sensitivity to political than to religious motivation.

Alois hopped on the Red bandwagon and began to toot—in unison with other comrades—the new tunes imported from Moscow. He joined the Party, landed a Cabinet job, fought Archbishop Beran and the Vatican, and headed the new Catholic Action groups whose function was to deceive and disorganize Czech Catholics.

Alois probably had all the mental fixtures which go with such a commitment. The illusion, at fifty-nine, that he was still a young man with a good long life in which to munch political plums and bathe in the "democratic" privileges of the Communist aristocracy—a religion-be-damned attitude which is so easy to maintain when one's blood pressure is normal and one's digestion executes a smooth follow-through to an interesting diet.

On December 14, 1951, Petr died in a Prague Hospital. His illness was apparently a long one. It was certainly most painful. And in the course of it, his political triumphs got to look rather seedy and the Party plums made him retch. He called for a priest.

His dear friends and Party fellows sent him a phony—one of the Catholic Action plants that Petr, himself, had used to stool-pigeon sacrilegious confidences out of the confessional box. Having fathered the tactic and applied it in the interests of the Party, Petr immediately spotted it in use against himself. He refused to accept the ministrations of the actor and asked for a real priest. He was refused.

Also, he was guarded up to the time when it was too late for him to talk to a priest. In the meantime, however, the hospital was a rather frightening place. For Alois, in a frenzy of repentence, screamed and begged for the last sacraments as long as he was able to raise his voice. That is how Alois Petr died.

The story leaked out of the hospital via doctors, nurses, or other attendants. It brought up short a lot of Czech Catholics who had been playing around with Party bait and contemplating apostasy from the Faith.



As a black eye for the U. S. and grist for the Red mill, the Klan continues to terrorize citizens of N. Carolina. Above, Klan clothes and weapons are shown by FBI men.

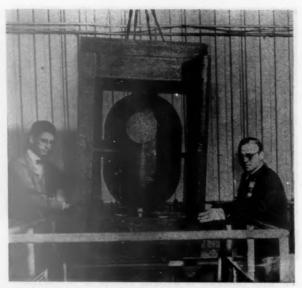


Reds in U. S. use Ku Klux Klan for propaganda. They are shown picketing the Un-American Activities Com. in Detroit. They urge us to investigate Klan instead of Reds.



There is no place in China's proletarian paradise for the Sisters, so they were forced to leave. Meantime, the blind orphans, above, are deprived of their devoted attentions.

April. 1952



Oak Ridge, Tenn. Atomic experts ship radio-active cobalt to the coast for the treatment of cancer. A good use for atomic energy—like beating swords into plowshares.



A pat on the back for John L! Mr. Lewis is campaigning to have the government close dangerous coal mines and end "continuous horror of catastrophe" in the fields.



Above, Jiri Nosek, Czecho-Slovakian Delegate to U. N. Pres. Truman voiced hope that Czecho-Slovakia would soon be free. Let's include all of the Iron Curtain countries.

We, ourselves, found it highly instructive and grimly edifying—a hideous memory to dangle over our own heads as a salutary deterrent in the moral encounters of life.

We want to pass it on to our readers to serve the same Christian purpose. Practically every adult is faced sooner or later with the necessity of weighing the advantages of some kind of major apostasy from God.

Practically every apostate has, in launching his apostasy, the sneak design of crawling back under the tent with a bellyful of forbidden fruit, to die safely in a Christian bed,

But most of them don't make it. Most of them don't have the priest—as Alois Petr didn't. Most of them don't even want the priest—as Alois Petr did.

Anyway, that is the story of Alois. Shocking. But it has a use for each of us.

On the two pages immediately following the table of contents in each issue of the magazine Newsweek, the reader comes to a department entitled, "The Periscope."

What's Behind The News It is one of those behind-thescenes, ahead-of-the-news, exclusive, flash, I-predict, off-the-record sort of sensational and oracular thingamies that are the bane of

contemporary journalism. Each precious and startling item is presented in a brief, somewhat telegraphic style, but always so as to convey the impression that there's more to this than meets the eye, and always with an air of editorial omniscience that seems to say, "What you're now reading, Brother, is strictly and straight from the horse's mouth."

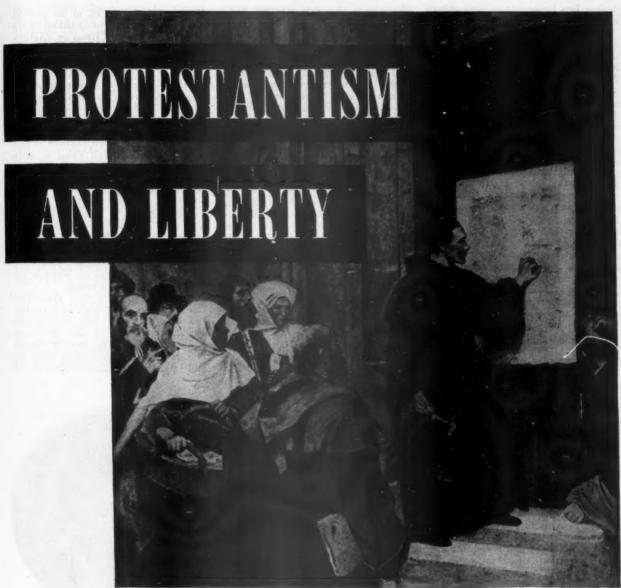
This type of reporting has invariably struck us as being not only loose and pretty silly but, above all, dangerous. It often skirts close to the edge of gossip column tattle, the lowest form of journalism, which is built mainly on innuendo, sly implications, and deliberately loaded statements. It does not inspire confidence.

Recently, Newsweek's Periscope reported, in typical style, that the leaders of the Democratic Party and spokesmen (sic) of the Catholic Church are conferring as to how the latter would look upon Gov. Adlai Stevenson's divorce, should he become a presidential candidate. So far, according to The Periscope's "uncannily accurate" and super-secret sources, the politicians have met with no objection.

The only official spokesmen for the Catholic Church in this country whom we can think of are the American bishops. Any thought of our bishops going into a campaign-strategy huddle with a group of political party bigwigs is utterly absurd. Undoubtedly, the editors of Newsweek did not wish to imply anything of the sort. Yet, both the wording and sense of The Periscope item regrettably give the impression that some such politico-ecclesiastical chambering is going on.

It is not too far-fetched to imagine that many people, after reading this item, would be disturbed by groundless fears or by ancient bugaboos long since discredited and disproved. Other readers might be moved to say, "I told you so. Blanshard was correct. Here is a clear case of the Catholic Church meddling in U.S. politics; the Vatican trying to name the candidates, pressure the politicians, and control the votes."

In an endeavor to be sensational, to appear like a modern Delphic oracle, by cryptic language, tantalizing anonymity, and the other trappings of this sort of reporting, the editors of Newsweek have presented a "scoop" that is likely to create misunderstanding. It is not what is told but the manner in which it is reported, not what is said but what is unsaid, that often makes these "exclusive" news items questionable. Honest reporting needs no such tricks. Truth is served not merely by marshalling facts and stating facts, but also in conveying the right impression.



Luther nailing Indulgence theses to door of Wittenberg church

WRITTEN history can be looked upon as a garden in which the

Religious liberty was neither an object nor an ideal of any of the Reformation leaders. The historian knows this. The public hasn't caught on yet

> bu THOMAS P. NEILL

flower of truth is frequently smothered by the quick growing weeds of legend. Conscientious historians are forever weeding their garden, but legends are hard to keep down because they grow so quickly and persist so strongly, nourished by men who are more anxious to justify themselves than to see truth prevail. One of the most persistent legends in the pages of Anglo-American history is the one still widely accepted about the supposedly close connection between the Protestant Revolt of the sixteenth century and the propagation of religious tolerance and politi-

cal liberty in the European-American tradition.

Protestants revolted from the Catholic Church, this legend runs, because they were stifled by the authoritarianism of the hierarchy and because they wished to worship God in their own way. In short, they wanted freedom of worship and they were willing to extend this freedom to their fellow men. This legend was created by the spiritual descendants of the first Protestants-who had a practical monopoly on writing and teaching in the English-speaking countries for several centuries-and it was not seriously contested until about fifty years ago, when there grew up a

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THOMAS P. NEILL, Associate Professor of History at St. Louis University, is the author of Makers of the Modern Mind and Weapons of Poace. His articles have appeared in many Catholic publications.

generation of men more interested in historical truth than in defending the claims of Protestantism.

These men, almost all of them Protestants, gradually destroyed the legend of liberty and Protestantism. As a result of their labors, the recently retired chairman of the history department at Columbia University and former president of the American Historical Association, Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes, could report just twenty years ago: "The older controversies about the religious upheaval of the sixteenth century [such as the one referred to in this article] have become quite outmoded." No competent historian, Hayes remarked, any longer accepted and propagated these old legends. But, he went on, "many popular writers, many untrained historians, occasionally the compilers of third-rate textbooks are still prone to keep repeating, parrot-like, the phrases of the earlier controversialists.'

THESE popular writers and lecturers continue to stir up hostile feeling against Catholics in this country without being seriously challenged because there is always a time lag between the discovery of historical truth by the scholar and its acceptance by the popularizer. And in that time a great deal of harm can be done to the Church in this country, Catholics can continue to be embarrassed by the smug acceptance of discredited notions about Catholic "authoritarianism" and Protestant "liberalism," and we can always be tempted to reply in kind by propagating like legends about Protestants-thus violating both the spirit and the explicit instructions of recent popes to present only the truth, for the Catholic Church does not need unworthy defenses.

Our purpose here is not to analyze the many nonreligious causes now accepted as having promoted the Protestant Revolt from the Church: the land hunger of the nobles, the desire for power on the part of the kings, the economic ambition of the middle class, and other such factors. We shall simply see what the original Protestants thought about liberty itself. It should be remembered, first of all, that before Luther broke from the Church there was an amazing amount of intellectual elbowroom in Catholic circles. Theologians and philosophers were free to argue about anything not formally defined or universally accepted by the Church. And these defined items of belief were relatively few, inasmuch as formal definition is seldom made ex-

cept under stress of heretical teaching.

Thus as a seminary professor, Luther was allowed a degree of freedom which today would seem scandalous. He taught heresy in the seminary for several years before 1517. And when he posted his ninety-five theses on the church door at Wittenberg on Halloween of that year he did what thousands of other professors had done before. He offered to defend them against all comers-and no one denied him the liberty to do so. When the Lutheran affair was first reported to Rome, the pope assumed it was just "another monkish squabble" such as had happened in university circles so often before. This freedom was so extensive in Catholic society before there were rival churches that even the Protestantinclined Cambridge Modern History reports that "freedom to learn, to teach, to print, was unbounded."

Luther was the pioneer of the Protestant movement. Those who imitated him in other lands adopted his attitude toward liberty. In England the break from the Catholic Church was engineered by the king and in the king's interest. Religious liberty for his subjects was no part of Henry VIII's in-

Thomas More, sent off to the scaffold.

There were later formulations of the Anglican creed and ritual in England. under little Edward VI and finally under Elizabeth, and each time the people of England had to change theirminds and their way of worship according to the latest manifestation of the royal will. There was nothing unusual in this insistence on religious conformity, of course, but religious minded people must have been annoyed at having to shift creed and ritual so often merely to suit royal whim. The important point, as far as the legend of Protestantism and liberty is concerned, is that the Anglicans thought religious dissent a form of treasonand they punished it as such. Meanwhile, the radical Protestant sects and the Catholics, who disputed on almost everything 'else, agreed in demanding liberty for themselves to worship according to their consciences.

The third major form of Protestantism is that associated with John Calvin, the French lawyer who set up the model community of the Reformed Faith at Geneva. This kind of Protestantism was the harshest of all. logically, and in the city of Geneva there was a



Henry VIII, reformer, ty-



Servetus, victim of Calvin's thought control

tentions. Nor did he have any desire for social or political freedom for Englishmen. On the contrary, all Henry's moves were in the direction of strengthening and consolidating the Tudor despotism over an England that was formerly relatively free and easygoing. Henry enforced his religious formula with equal vigor on dissenting Protestants and loyal Catholics. Those who did not subscribe to his articles of faith and recognize him as sovereign head of both church and state in England were driven from the country or, like St.

more thorough, more ruthless repression of religious liberty than anywhere else at the time. Calvin was logically harsh because he looked upon himself as God's prosecuting attorney on earth, a man ordained to make all mankind conform to the will of God as revealed to Calvin in Holy Scripture. "Whatever crimes can be thought of do not come up to this [heresy]," Calvin wrote. "What, indeed, can more peculiarly belong to God than His own truth? . . . Now to corrupt pure doctrine is it not the same as if to put the devil in God's

place?" Such observations by Calvin prompt his best biographer, Georgia Harkness, to conclude: "It was ingrained in their theology to repudiate the idea that religion could be a matter of private interpretation; it was ingrained in their moral code that it was the duty of the elect to enforce purity of faith in the community by any disciplinary measures that might prove necessary."

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The measures Calvin thought necessary were shockingly severe, and the catalogue of crimes and punishments in Geneva during his lifetime shows that he had nothing but abhorrence for religious or political liberty. Penalties were meted out for such petty things as a lady saying requiescat in pace over her husband's grave, for parents betrothing their daughter to a Catholic, for eating fish on Good Friday, for sleeping during one of Calvin's long sermons (!), for arguing that men should not be put to death for their religious opinions, for saying that the pope was not a bad man, for naming a dog after Calvin.

More important, Geneva became a city of glass where in the name of religious conformity officials pried into the most private affairs of a man's life.

severe measures were part of a settled policy in Geneva. When Sebastian Castellio wrote that people should be punished for moral infractions of biblical precepts but not for misunderstanding doctrinal passages, his plea was answered by Calvin's disciple Theodore Beza who insisted that heretics should be burned-and Castellio had to flee.

When Luther first broke from the Church he asked for liberty of conscience and freedom for each and every person to interpret the Bible as he wished. This is the demand made by minority groups and individual heretics at all times and in all places, whether they are Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, or Mohammedan. It is not at all unique with Luther, nor was it an essential part of his faith. As a matter of fact, by 1525, when he saw that religious liberty meant doctrinal chaos and when he had secured the backing of several German rulers, Luther vehemently repudiated his original demand for freedom and asked the princes to use the sword in enforcing his religion on all their subjects. "Only one kind of doc-trine may be preached in any one place," he told the rulers. Thus Luther gave up his original idea of religious

Apostles the secular sword and authority have never been described so clearly or praised so splendidly as by me." Whether he did this in order to win secular backing against the Catholic Church or from more detached and higher motives is not certain. Probably a mixture of motives was present. But there is no doubt about his message or its historical effects. When the German peasants thought that the new religion would bring them social freedom, Luther thundered at them: "Christ does not wish to abolish serfdom. What cares He how the lords or princes rule? It is God who hangs, quarters, decapitates,

slaughters, and makes war."

Nor did Luther advocate political freedom. Such an idea, he believed, came from the devil himself. "There are no better works than to obey and serve all those who are set over us as superiors," he wrote. "For this reason disobedience is a greater sin than murder, unchastity, theft, and dishonesty, and all that these may include. . . . It is in no wise proper for anyone who would be a Christian to set himself up against his government, whether it act justly or unjustly." This was a long step toward absolutism, a long step from the ancient Catholic doctrine that rulers must govern justly and that when they do not people have the right, under certain conditions, to rebel against them. In the interest of the king, on the other hand, Luther taught his followers that "stern, hard civil rule is necessary in the world. No one need think that the world can be ruled without blood. The civil sword shall and must be red and bloody. . . . The princes of this world are gods, the common people are Satan. . . . I would rather suffer a prince doing wrong than a people doing right."

THE Lutheran movement triumphed where it did because the ruler forced the religion on his subjects. After the first popular, hectic, and clamorous support given to Luther by the German people in his struggle against the Italian pope, the masses of people grew lukewarm toward the movement as they came to realize that it meant a new religion. (At first they had thought it was a family dispute within the Church.) And they became positively hostile to it when they saw it did not bring them the social and political liberties they originally expected of it. This is a point on which scholars agree today. Thus more than fifty years ago the non-Catholic W. E. H. Lecky observed: "In nearly every country where their boasted Reformation triumphed, the result is to be mainly attributed to coercion."

Scholars are also agreed that, in the words of the Anglican John Neville



John Calvin, Arch-inquisitor for a harsh God



Photos from Bettmann Archive John Knox, the Calvin of the Scottish kirk

Men were burned at the stake for interpreting the Bible differently from Calvin. Jacques Gruet, for example, was discovered to have written against Calvin's regime, and though he did not publish his writings (they were discovered in his house), he was executed on the grounds that he had insulted God. Michael Servetus, again, was subjected to a long trial, during which he was not allowed defense and was tortured unmercifully, and finally he was burned at the stake for interpreting the Bible his own way instead of Calvin's. These liberty and called upon the state to suppress all dissent. He had repudi-ated papal authority, but he had supplanted it with royal authority, and thus he had given Caesar control over things that until his day had clearly belonged to religion.

Scholars are now agreed that Luther opposed liberty of any kind-religious, social, or political-and that the Lutheran movement was an important step in creating the absolute state of early modern times. Late in life Luther himself claimed that "since the age of the

Figgis, "the supreme achievement of the Reformation is the modern state." Luther had led the way in this movement by denying the individual, as a person, the right to stand up against the king. He had turned the property of the Church over to the ruler and had given him control over the new religion. Moreover, he had assigned to the ruler many functions formerly in the hands of bishops and priests, such as education, the administration of marriages and funerals, and the probation of wills. In return, Luther received secular support from many princes. To the people he preached only blind obedience.

OR were Protestants inconsistent in denying religious liberty to dissenters. The sixteenth century was an age when religion was still taken seriously, when people believed that the worship of God was the most important human action on this earth. It was an age when religions consisted of creeds, of codes of conduct, and cults of worship. Sincere Protestants, like sincere Catholics. believed their way of worshipping was the right way. They logically tried to enforce it on everyone in the state. Those who were not sincere were still convinced that religious dissent was dangerous-as today Americans all look upon treason as a danger to the country and therefore a serious crime.

The Protestant Revolt occurred in a harsh age, and the historian who tries to find Protestants less severe and intolerant than Catholics is not a good historian. The Inquisition was no harsher than were Calvinists in Geneva, Zwinglians in Zurich, or Lutherans in Germany. Elizabeth was as intolerant as her Catholic half sister whom Protestant historians have dubbed "Bloody Mary." Elizabeth was only craftier and more artful. Such statistics as survive show that Protestants were as relentless in punishing heresy as were Catholics. and in some instances, as in Geneva, considerably more so.

It would be unfair to condemn Protestant princes and theologians for such intolerance, nor do we mean to do so. But it is wrong to attribute to them objectives and attitudes which developed only at a later date. To picture the Protestant Revolt as a popular movement is to falsify the story, for it was spread principally by royal coercion. To credit Protestants with a desire for religious liberty or even to claim that it was the unintended result of their revolt is not good history. The immediate result of the Protestant Revolt, Professor Hayes has written, was "an outburst of religious intolerance and cruelty such as the world never before or since beheld." Instead of promoting the liberty of the in-

dividual citizen, the Protestant Revolt increased the power of the state over the individual by turning over to the secular authority the most important function still eluding his grasp, the wide and pervasive function of religion.

For over a century there was markedly less liberty within each religion-Protestant and Catholic alike-than there had been in the Catholic Church before the Reformation. For in a time of war, religious or political, battle lines are drawn tight, dissent is rigidity suppressed, and blind conformity be-comes the greatest virtue of all. The development of liberty in modern times owes nothing directly to Protestantism. It came about gradually through succeeding centuries, independently of any particular religion, although it was advocated by Protestants in some countries and by Catholics in others. It was not an essential part of any group's doctrine, though all religions could accommodate themselves to it. Ultimately, any sound theory of liberty rests upon the Christian view of the person which was part of the Catholic tradition for centuries before Luther posted his theses on the church door.

• All change is not growth, as all movement is not forward.

-Ellen Glasgow

Calvin set up a theocracy in Geneva where the closest imaginable union of church and state was achieved. Catholics had consistently maintained a distinction between religious and secular functions and had thereby promoted the cause of liberty-as Lord Acton shows in his various scholarly studies on liberty-but Calvin destroyed this distinction when he called upon civil magistrates to enforce his religious precepts. The residents of Geneva thus found their lives regulated in every little detail, in religious observances, in dress and speech and everything else, by Calvin's interpretation of the Bible. No dissent was allowed in matters large or small; anyone who disagreed with Calvin was insulting God and promoting the devil's work. To the people Calvin preached passive acceptance of absolute government; he denied them the right to resist anything except a direct command to violate God's law. The rest they must suffer as God's vengeance on sinful mankind.

Other Protestant religions were born in the sixteenth century, such as Zwinglianism in Switzerland and Presbyterianism in Scotland. They can properly be considered branches of one of the three principal religions mentioned above, as

Presbyterianism is Calvinism imported into Scotland by John Knox; or they are mixtures of these religions, as Zwinglianism is a compromise between Lutheranism and Calvinism. None of these religions was radically different from the others, and none of them advocated liberty for dissenters. Wherever a Protestant group came to power, as Lutherans did in certain German states and Presbyterians did in Scotland, all dissent was suppressed by law. Those who did not conform to the new religion were forced to flee or to suffer severe penalties if they persisted in their "error." Luther's formula of only one religion for each state was universally accepted.

The only exception to this statement is to be found in some of the radical fringe sects, which were more social than religious movements. These cults appealed to the disinherited who apparently never expected to secure control of the government. The most they could expect was tolerance within a state under another religious group's control. Thus they came logically to ask for tolerance and to advocate religious liberty as a matter of principle. Because they were always small minorities there is no way of knowing whether they would have lived up to this principle when they were in power. The largest such group were the Anabaptists who, incidentally, drove everyone else from Münster when they seized it by force.

THE history of the Anabaptists is a sorry story of persecution by all religious groups in Europe. They were burned at the stake and they were drowned, they were driven out of one principality and through another, they were hunted down like animals because they read the Bible differently than did the more respectable Protestants of Germany and Switzerland—and it must be admitted that their interpretation of the Bible was dangerous to the established elements of society, for their literal acceptance of certain isolated passages was calculated to turn the social order of the sixteenth century upside down.

The honest historian is therefore compelled by irrefutable evidence to conclude that religious liberty was neither the object nor the ideal of any Protestant leaders of the sixteenth century. For various reasons they revolted from the Catholic Church, and among the rights they claimed was the right to worship God according to their own formula. But this was a right they conceded to no other group, least of all to the Catholics who had been practicing their faith for a thousand years in the very cities from which they were now expelled when they refused to change religious allegiance.

Mama lives with us . . .

Two women in one kitchen can have happy results, provided one retires to the living room with her typewriter



by LUCILE HASLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK EVERS

Like George Jessel, I always call my mother "Mama." Only I don't very often get the chance to ring her up on the phone ("That you, Mama? This is your Georgie. How you feeling, Mama?") because it just so happens that she lives in the same house with me.

This worse than death catastrophe took place eight years ago and was one of the few times in my life when I've seen my mother go to pieces. It was very flattering. "No!" she wept, as if she were facing a stretch at Alcatraz instead of moving in with her one and only daughter. "No! I want to be independent! I don't want to be a burden! I want to die with my boots on!"

This would have sounded very pathetic if only it hadn't been so laughable. I mean, the idea that any living creature could possibly make my mother take off her boots until she was good and ready. Or that she would ever, barring a broken hip or some other Act of God, permit herself to be a burden to anyone. Even with her hip suspended in a pulley from the ceiling and with both arms in casts, I daresay she would figure out some way to defray expenses.

Yet it wasn't so much the horror of becoming a liability that haunted my mother, during that teary scene of eight years ago, as the more immediate horror of Two Women In One Kitchen. "Two women in one kitchen," she sobbed,

"just never works out. Never has, never will work out."

Historically speaking, this is not quite accurate. I understand, as a matter of fact, that in many primitive villages in India the many-women-over-one-kettle-system is still in operation. Whether it's a truly happy arrangement for all concerned, I wouldn't know. All I know is that the natives of India—who are also used to famine, droughts, pestilence, and volcanic eruptions—are noted for their passive stoicism.

In Âmerica, the passive stoicism is not so noticeable. Two-women-over-one-kettle would be a marvelous theme (and a welcome one, I might add, after all the two-women-over-one-man variations) for a modern psychological novel: brimming over with female friction and frustration. It would also serve as a perfect motive for a murder mystery. The only element of mystery, however, would not so much be why the one woman killed the other (possibly an argument over whether milk bottles should be washed first or last) as to why it hadn't happened sooner.

Yet murder, even though there is a certain admirable finality about it, is not the only way out of a difficult situation and I figured that what was good enough for the Duke of Windsor was good enough for me. Abdication. Little did my mother realize that her unselfish daughter would be only too willing

to step out of the kitchen and retire, with the typewriter she loved, to the living room

My mother's sobs lessened as I promised that she, as the Queen Bee in the Hasley kitchen, could arrange and rearrange the kitchen cupboards to her heart's delight. I also urged her to feel perfectly free to wash all the dishes and do all the baking and put up all the canning that struck her fancy. She could even, said I, rising to great heights of heroic abandonment, defrost the refrigerator and carry out the garbage whenever she felt the urge.

I have kept my troth. I have never prevented my mother, or anyone else for that matter, from making life easier for me. It is one of the few virtues—this allowing others to be virtuous—that comes easy to me. It also answers the question that puzzled housewives most often ask me: "With three children, how do you find the time to sit down to the typewriter?" The idea that I'm a ball of fire around the house never seems to enter their heads. They seem to feel, and how right they are, that I have a secret weapon I'm keeping under cover.

"Mama," I said the other day, "the time has come to reveal you. Would you mind very much if I stuck you into an essay?"

She looked at me as if I'd suggested sticking her into a kiln. "Oh, no, you don't!" she said, with all of her usual indecisiveness. "I know you and the way you exaggerate things to high heaven. You'd probably make me sound like a character in a book. Maybe like the old lady in that book about rotten bananas."

This brief and cursory summary of Pride's Way might well have stumped even its own author in a game of charades, but I caught on immediately. I knew she was referring to the character in Pride's Way who didn't consider a banana ripe enough for human consumption until the skin was as black and stiff as an old shoe and the fruit flies were buzzing around. And who, when she went to visit her relatives, always carried along her own two-cup percolator.

T the time, this had sent my mother A off into gales of laughter. Not because it struck her as farfetched, you understand, but because she had the same fierce and deep-rooted convictions about bananas and coffee pots. She had also, for the same reason and in the same spirit, hugely enjoyed Betty (The Egg And I) MacDonald's description of her grandmother. That is, the one who always kept enough equipment in bed with her to start up light housekeeping. Although much more conservative, my mother always keeps several pocket mysteries, her knitting, a flashlight, a box of Kleenex, her rosary, a box of Smith Bros. cough drops, her folded nightgown, a jar of Vick's salve, and the latest Cosmopolitan under her pillow. The general effect is that of an Indian burial mound.

Yet even though my mother had heartily enjoyed these human interest touches, as depicted by other authors, she seemed strangely reluctant to give her own daughter a free hand. I say "strangely reluctant" because my mother, who will be seventy-nine as of next March, considers me the greatest living Catholic author of our times. (Aside from this, her mind is still as clear as a bell.)

"Mama," I now reminded her, "am I not the greatest living Catholic author of our times, bar none?"

"Certainly," she said in an unhappy voice. "It's just that I don't trust you, is all. You might unearth family secrets that should stay decently buried. Like the time"—and here her face flushed a deep crimson—"like the time I had my window washed for me."

Frankly speaking, my maternal ancestor and I do not always see eye to eye as to what constitutes a God-fearing standard of cleanliness. I clean house to restore a certain surface order; she cleans house to kill hidden microbes. As a matter of fact, she is probably the best hidden microbe killer in St. Joseph County, and she has no use for slat-

terns who fail to clean their bed springs every time they change the sheets.

Hence, I don't think she'll ever recover from the humiliation—the outrage, you might even say—inflicted upon her by an outspoken Hungarian neighbor who once lived next door to her. It was bad enough when this neighbor once cheated (in their Monday morning marathon to see who would get the wash hung out first) by doing her washing on a Sunday night and then sneaking it out at daybreak, but what broke my mother's spirit was this.

It seems that their kitchen windows were directly opposite each other and for about ten days, following a severe storm, my mother's kitchen window remained—let us face it!—very streaked and dirty. Her only excuse, and I consider it a mighty weak one, was that she had an injured sacroiliac at the time and didn't want to climb up on a stepladder. Anyway, over marched the neighbor, bearing a pail of hot ammonia water, and—without so much as a by your leave—washed it for her. (The window, I mean, not the sacroiliac.)

"Mrs. Hardman!" she exploded. "I couldn't stand looking at that filthy window of yours another single day!"



Without so much as a by-your leave, she washed Mama's window

The only episode in my mother's life that was possibly more humiliating, in her eyes, was the time the newsboy thought she was crazy. It was Hallowe'en and my two little girls wanted to go over and trick-or-treat their grandmother and scare her with their new pirate masks. So I called my mother up and said we'd be right over and, for heaven's sake, to act scared when she opened the door. Instead, when the doorbell rang, my mother decided to scare them. Crouching way over so that her head was about three feet from the floor and taking out her false teeth,

she yanked open the door and yelled "BOO YOURSELF!"

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It was a terrible shock to the newsboy, a gangling youth who hadn't yet achieved his full growth, and I'm not at all sure he ever quite believed my mother's anguished explanation. She says he was always very polite afterward when he came around for his collections but that he generally brought another boy along with him.

Now I feel that it is little everyday incidents like this, things that could happen to practically anyone, that give the necessary human interest touch to the personal essay. Only it took a lot of fancy talking before I finally swung my mother, despite her "rare qualities of heart and head," around to my way of thinking. Who, I asked her, would be interested in just reading that she had been born in Canada into a family of nine children; christened Charlotte Mary Josephine by the parish priest; married at twenty; given birth to five children; widowed at the age of fiftyeight; returned to the Catholic fold two years later: and was now financial secretary of the Bengalese Missionary Society and a member of the Altar and Rosary Society of Holy Cross Church? I wasn't-I said-writing an obituary

What I intended to do, in a dignified way, was immortalize her in print just as Whistler had immortalized his mother on canvas. The only big difference would be that he, Mr. Whistler, had portrayed his mother with her hands folded in her lap. I could not see my way clear, I said, to portray my own mother in this unlikely position.

THE truth of the matter is my little white-haired mother is what I can only describe as an active menace to all the workingmen's unions in America, including the local Hod Carrier's Local #18. That is, she's the sort of female who can splice electrical wires, fix dripping faucets and clogged drains, tighten chair springs, put down stair carpeting, replace window panes, insulate an attic, remove old wall paper, exterminate termites, plaster a ceiling, and lay linoleum. I am equally sure that she could, in an emergency, remove a man's appendix.

This is not to say, of course, that she doesn't have her daintier accomplishments. She is equally as skillful with a crochet hook and darning needle as with the more deadly instruments. All I'm saying is that her eyes positively gleam at the sight of a ratchet screw driver and her greatest joy in life is to wander through hardware stores.

Recently her Altar and Rosary Society decreed that each member should, for the greater glory of God and their depleted treasury, earn a dollar by the sweat of her brow and then report, at the next meeting, just what she'd done. Most of the other ladies, of course, reported turning an honest dollar by baby sitting or selling crocheted pot holders or taking Christmas card orders. My mother got up and reported that she had taken her neighbor's sewing machine apart and oiled it.

I DO not, however, professionally lend my mother out to neighbors very often, because there's enough repair and maintenance work, right on the premises, to keep her happy. Two years ago, for instance, she did a very nice job of painting the ceiling of our sun porch. And I could tell she was terribly happy, up on her stepladder, because she always whistles old Presbyterian hymns-like the Doxology or Rock of Ages-when she is living life to the full. Somehow, she has never seemed to master the swing of the Catholic O Salutaris (catchy though it is) and perhaps it's just as well. I mean, one associates the O Salutaris with the fragrance of incense rather than the cruder odor of turpentine or lead paint or lubricating oil. The sentiment, however, remains the same: a paean of praise to her Creator for having invented such a delicious thing as manual labor.

Yet the cream of the jest, as far as I'm concerned, is that my mother-with her small build, snowy white hair, and gentle blue eyes-looks like a dear little old lady who couldn't brew a cup of cambric tea. Just the other day the dear little old lady, who gets fidgety if she doesn't have a major project underway, decided to make me another needlepoint chair. After selling us the yarn and canvas, the saleslady proceeded to carefully explain the directions to my mother. "See, honey?" she said in a loud clear voice. "You start in the middle and work from right to left, one row at a time, and pull the yarn through like this." My mother smiled and nodded gratefully but the clerk later asked me, in an anxious aside: "Do you think she understood? Do you think she can manage?" I felt like saving that I thought she could not only manage the actual needlework but could, if she felt in the mood, carve a Louis 'XIV chair to go with it.

This misleading impression, this air of genteel and ladylike helplessness, is one of the greatest frauds of all times. Of all the women I know, I would nominate Charlotte Mary Josephine as the one most capable—at least from the standpoint of ingenuity and fortitude—of taking care of herself on a South Sea desert island. Within twenty-four hours she would have a lean-to made of bamboo, a savory stew of wild herbs and

pomegranates simmering over a trapper's fire, a blanket woven of rushes and sea weeds, and her long white underwear flying aloft—as an S.O.S. signal—from the tallest coconut tree.

But there I go-exaggerating to high heaven, as my mother would say-because I really doubt if she could shinny up a coconut tree at her age. Yet I don't need a desert island situation to show



Mama yanked open the back door and shouted, "Boo Yourself!"

that my mother is not, and never has been, what you might exactly call the helpless clinging vine type. For example, most women—three days after bearing a child—might be somewhat staggered at the thought of an additional infant to handle, but not Charlotte Mary Josephine. Three days after I was born, the neighbor across the street died in childbirth and left her frantic young husband with a brand new squalling infant named Vivian.

"Well," said my mother, as she shifted me over to one arm and made room for the squalling Vivian, "I hadn't counted on twins but I can manage all right, I guess. Guess I can nurse two as well as one." Thus it is that my earliest photographs show me-not alone, in solitary splendor, on a bearskin rugbut alongside Vivian. Although there was scant resemblance between us, my mother enjoyed passing us off during that first year as bona fide twins. That is, she enjoyed it until the day when some woman, pointing to the blonde Vivian, said: "Well, that one is certainly the prettiest, isn't she?"

"Certainly not," snapped my mother, as she furiously wheeled the baby buggy on down the street. It is one of the few known instances when my mother refused to consider the evidence and then face up to reality.

I say that anyone who has the forti-

tude to personally select and buy her own tombstone, as my mother has insisted on doing, is *more* than facing up to reality. She has even, for that matter, given us explicit and cheerful directions as to how to arrange the corpse. "I want to be tilted to one side," she says, "instead of being laid flat on my back. I think it makes a corpse look so sort of helpless."

Along this same line, she has made elaborate arrangements for what she has been referring to, for the past twenty years, as My Last Illness. For the past twenty years, we (her children) have been trying to get her to wear the dainty nightgowns and bed jackets that we've given her for Christmas and birthday gifts. Folding them neatly away in her lower dresser drawer, she'll say: "Thanks so much but, if you don't mind, I'll save them for My Last Illness. No sense in wearing them now. I'll just pick up a few yards of plain outing flannel, during the January White Sales, and run up some every-day gowns in no time."

Three winters ago my mother fell down the cellar steps and fractured her skull. When I, alone in the house, rushed to the scene of the crash, I found her lying there in a pool of blood. "Don't move!" I yelled. "I'll call the ambulance! Don't you dare move!"

"Nonsense," said my mother. "If you won't help me to my feet I'll get up by myself. I'm not going to any hospital wearing this dress. I want to put on my navy blue crepe with the polka-dots."

THE doctor told me, while showing me the X-ray pictures, that it looked as if my mother had been hit over the head with a hammer. My first impulse was to cry out, "I didn't do it, I didn't do it" because the horrible truth is that I was tempted, at the time, to give her another clout. After all, I had been instructed—back in my Camp Fire days—that it was perfectly ethical to knock out a drowning person who resisted aid. Yet, with one fracture already, I hesitated to hand my mother another one.

I am still, to this day, wondering how a Red Cross worker would have coped with my mother, but at the time I did my bird-brain best. After helping her to her room and—with trembling hands and many mental ejaculations—getting the house dress over her bleeding head, I hit a new snag. My mother decided that, along with the navy blue crepe, she also wanted to change into her best underskirt. "Mama!" I yelled. "This is an emergency!"

"All right, all right," she said, "you don't have to yell at me. I won't bother to change my shoes but I'm not going one step in this underskirt."

(Continued on page 76)

Sweet and Tovely

by GORDON RAMSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY HARTMAN

Tonight Rockey wouldn't skate with the pack.

He had something to prove to the overconfident

Jet Jones and a stubborn girl named Francie

AYBE you see this Roller Derby on television once in a while and wonder a little about the girl skaters.* They play lots rougher than the boys and sometimes pull out each other's hair. Is this nice? I'm Rockey Conover, who skates for the Brooklyn Bumpers more than five months now, and sometimes it has me worried.

All I know for sure is, the game's too rugged for my new girl Francie.

It's right after the Friday night tussle with the Manhattan Maulers and we are having scrambled eggs and toast at this very quiet place on Fourteenth Street.

"Fran," I say gently, looking right into her soft brown eyes, "you don't realize what a lovely dream you are and not a howling rowdy like these Roller Derby dolls."

"Now I'm a lovely dream," Fran laughs. "What's the catch, Rockey?"

There's no catch. I've just found out that Fran is trying for a place on the Brooklyn Bumpers and I want to save her from it. I put out my hand and touch hers. Pins and needles go up my arm, as always.

"You're just not the type to be swapping tail bumps in the Roller Derby, is all," I tell her. "It's no game for a girl, Fran."

She pulls her hand away from mine and a dark frown comes into her eyes. "It so happens I love the Roller Derby, Rockey Conover," she says icily, "and I also think the girls who skate in it are wonderful, even Slugger McCoy." You can see what I'm up against, Fran thinking so wonderful of Slugger McCoy, the biggest roughneck on the Manhattan Maulers. "Why do you play the game yourself," Fran demands, "if you hate it so much?"

"Me? Hate Roller Derby? Don't ever forget, Fran—you're talking to the best rear guard in the league!"

"Rear guard," she scorns. "Game after game, skating along in the pack with your head down and never once going out front to lead a jam."

"It takes brains to skate in the pack, and you know it. I'm asking you, please, Fran, give up the Roller Derby. It's for hoodlums, not for you."

"So now I'm a hoodlum!"

"No, no, Fran . . .'

I change the subject but the evening is spoiled, and after we say good night I have to admit I'm worried. I keep remembering what she said about me always staying behind in the pack, as if being a rear guard was something to be ashamed of. I'm a defensive player. It's my style. Even in high school I was guard on the football team for three years and never once did I make a touchdown or carry the ball for so much as a one-yard gain. The crowd cheered the quarterback, but who did he shake hands with in the showers after the game? With me, Rockey Conover, the guy who busted the line so he could get through. .

At ten o'clock the next morning I breeze into the Roller Derby Arena to see Clunker Sisscum, a Flatbush boy with an honest face who worries plenty whenever the Brooklyns are in a slump, which is now. He's the coach of the team and also its leading jam skater. He also trains the rookies.

"What's on your mind, Rockey?"

"This Francie Boyle," I tell him. "I'm waiting for you to give her the air because she's the lady type and it's not fair to make a hooligan out of her."

"I resent that," he grins. "My Donnie was Roller Derby when I married her and you couldn't ask for anyone sweeter around the house. As for Francie Boyle," he goes on, "I guess you've never seen her skate."

We go inside under the high roof where the tryouts are grinding around the track, sixteen laps to the mile. The bright green oval has an angle of only thirty degrees at the turns, but you'd think it was straight up and down like a wall the way these beginners stumble around. Fran's out there too. She's not skating by herself. She's paired off with a long-legged guy who has a lot of curly brown hair combed to a centerline ridge in back. They brake to a stop in front of us and I notice how high the color is in Fran's cheeks and how tightly she has hold of her partner's arm.

"Hi, rowdy," I breeze.

She smiles up at her boy friend. "Mr.

Conover doesn't approve of girls in

Roller Derby," she tells him.

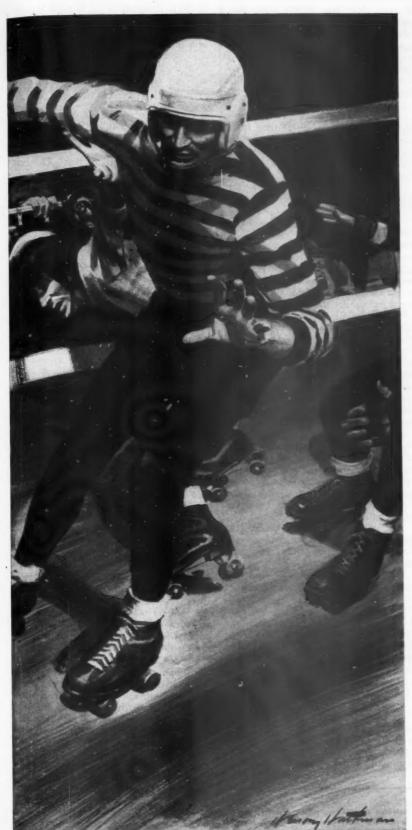
"Mr. Conover must be extremely old-fashioned," he says. "How do you do."

He's got a bright face which I admit is a little on the handsome side and he knows it. He talks mostly of himself and I learn that his name is Jet Jones and that a year ago, before my time, he was considered one of the trickiest lead skaters in the league. He left Roller Derby to sell insurance, but now he's coming back into the game and is due to start with the Manhattan Maulers this very night.

"It needs me," he says. I could take this with a laugh if it's a joke. But no, he means it. "No getup and sock to the game any more," he says, looking right at me. "Too many deadheads sticking too close to the pack."

"Is that so?" The light begins to dawn on me who has been poisoning Fran's mind against rear guards. "Just try to get past these deadheads for a score, is all," I tell him.

"The old pack-buster, they used to call me," he beams. He flashes his teeth and steals an arm around Francie's waist. "The fans are going to go crazy



I sideswipe him into the rail and roll into the lead

over this little number, too. It's a shame she has to start with the Brooklyns tonight instead of with my team."

"One of our girls is quitting to be a model," Clunker explains. "Fran is taking her place."

"Not everyone thinks it will make a hoodlum out of me," Fran puts in.

"Don't overtrain, is all," I tell her.
"It's only Slugger McCoy you'll be up
against, old and tired. One hip swish
from you and she'll no doubt quit the
game herself and go back into the
WACS as a top sergeant."

"Well, that's how it is," Clunker says, as Fran and Jet Jones cross hands and roll away. "I wish I knew is it the right thing, sending her in."

"Murder is never right," I say.

THE night of a Roller Derby game in New York is tough on bridges and subways because all the hot rocks from both sides of the East River are on the move. They're crazy, but they're our fans and I love 'em. They bring cowbells, horns, and homemade bazoos. On other nights the racket they make would hand me a warm feeling and make me want to work hard for them in the pack. But tonight it's just a headache.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the loudspeaker booms. "For your approval, Miss Francie Boyle for the Brooklyn Bumpers and Mr. Jet Jones for the Manhattan Maulers!"

Fran and Jet Jones are standing together in the middle of the infield, waving at the crowd as if just back from their honeymoon and these are their friends at the station.

At the right moment he has flowers brought in for Fran, the biggest bunch of the most beautiful roses I ever saw. She accepts them with a wonderful smile. She even breaks off one of the roses and puts it in her hair, and this makes a nice shot for the flashlight boys who know sweet class when they see it.

Then the management lets in the girls' team of the Manhattan Maulers and out comes Slugger McCoy. She's a number with a baby-face and a lot of blonde hair which looks brassy under the lights. For Roller Derby she's a double draw. She's got looks and she's got sock. First she waves happily at her own fans and then turns around to shake her fists at the Brooklyn side of the house. The boos and cheers raise the roof. Second, she goes over to where Fran is standing, makes a grab at her hair, yanks out the rose and stamps it into the infield. You want a reason for this? None at all, except it's Slugger McCoy's cute way of starting a feud.

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And all Fran does is laugh. "She's just steaming up the house," she tells me. as I skate out to escort her safely to the Brooklyn bench. "It's part of the show."

"Except that next time she grabs at your hair," I warn, "it'll all come off." "I'll be wearing a helmet," Fran says.

The whistle blows for the start of the game. In Roller Derby there are four fifteen-minute periods to each half, with the boys going on for the first period and the girls for the second, and so on till it's over. I catch Clunker by the arm as we roll toward the oval. "Does she have to go in, Clunk?"

"She'll be all right," he says. "It's this Jet Jones who has me worried."

"I'll take care of Jet Jones," I tell

There's nothing I can do about Slugger McCoy and Fran, but there's plenty a good rear guard can do about a bigheaded guy who thinks that because he's been a year away from Roller Derby the game has gone to the dogs. And maybe, after it's all over, Fran will listen to me instead of him.

B LOCK and check this long-legged joker, I tell myself as the two teams start bouncing each other around for the best spots on the oval. Don't even let him get out of the pack. I break my heart to do it, but when the buzzer sounds for the first two-minute jam a couple of his team mates scrap me aganist the rail and let Jones streaks off like a stuffed rabbit at a dog race. Ganged up on me, is all. I can't go after him. My job now is to hold back the rest of the Manhattans so that our lead skater can lap them for points when he comes up from behind.

Clunker is out front for the Brooklyns and he's no push over, even when worried. He has a side punch to his hips which is famous. On the next turn he delivers it, full size, to Jet Jones. It's a hard knock, but not hard enough. Jet brushes it off and all of a sudden I see Clunker's left leg fly out from under him and down he goes. Jet's in front now, racing around the track to catch

up with the pack for scores.

I drop back to intercept, me, Rockey Conover, the best rear guard in the league. Jet tries to flash by but I plaster him neatly into the rail. A clean Conover special and I hope Fran is watching. On the next curve Jet Jones dives for an inside opening and is surprised when I slam it shut in his face.

"Come on, pack-buster," I yell. "Get hot."

"Fifteen seconds," says the loud-

For fifteen seconds I could skate on my hands and still keep him from scoring. He makes for the low side again and I get my weight all set. This is it,

Rockey. Spin him off the track like a pea from a whirling plate. Then something happens to my left leg. It swings up like the handle of an old-fashioned pump and I hit the oval with a thud. let flies by for a score, one point.

'Hot enough, deadhead?" he hollers back at me.

A break for him, is all.

But it happens again, same thing, in the next jam, and a third time in the jam after that. The fans are beginning to hoot and I'm half crazy, thinking of how this looks to Fran. Clunk calls time out for a substitution.

"I hate to do it, Rockey," he says, wiping the sweat from his face. "You

know how it is."

Yeah, I know, and I have plenty of time to think about it, sitting on the bench with my fists against my forehead, boiling mad at the Brooklyn fans because they're boiling mad at me. All mixed up is what I am, and Fran doesn't help. She moves in beside me and puts her hand on my shoulder.

"I'm sorry, Rockey," she whispers.

'Go ahead, rub it in," I say, not even giving her a look. She takes away her hand and goes back to her own place. I feel like a worm. Me, Rockey Conover, sitting on the bench because all of a sudden I can't stay on my feet. Once it could happen to anybody. Twice it could be tough luck. But three times and there's something fishy.

I lift my head and see Jet Jones breaking away from the pack for another try. He catches up with my substitute and I watch his footwork as he closes in. It's slick, but nothing special. My substitute goes down and Jet scores another point. I beat my hands against my head, try-

ing to figure it out.

The period ends, 4-0 against the Brooklyns, and the girls line up to take over the game. Jet gives Fran a big

smile as she shoves off.

The fans rise to the roof and stay there as Slugger McCoy swings into her act. She bashes her way out front and yells back for her team to let Fran through. You'd think Fran would stay with the pack for a while, this being her first game. But no. She sees the opening and out she comes, brightfaced and eager.

"For Pete's sake, sit down, Rockey,"

Clunker says. "Relax."

I sit down but I can't relax. Not when I see the Slugger slow down and leave room for Fran to come even with her on the high side. It's a trap. Only a rookie would fall for it, a rookie like Fran, sailing into it as if all she has

to do in this game is tag Slugger McCoy and say sweet thanks as she rolls by. Instead there's an elbow in her ribs and she finds out why the rail is padded, She bounces back for another try and this time it's a shoulder heave which lifts her into the air and drops her flat against the track. This she finds out is not padded.

Fran gets up laughing. She jerks off her helmet, tosses it in the infield, and streaks out after the Slugger, both arms swinging as she skates.

"We got us a ball of fire," Clunker

Yeah. This is how it starts, a ball of fire. It ends up being a sorehead, clawing and scratching, like I've seen it happen to every girl who ever went up against Slugger McCoy. But when Fran closes in again she's still got her temper. There's not a screech or a holler out of her as she tangles with Slugger McCoy all along the straightaways and around the curves. The Slugger gives her the full treatment, high, low, and middle, in the book and out of it. Fran hands it all back, good-natured and clean, and on the next turn she gets by on a quick shift which makes Slugger McCoy look slow and somewhat dumb.

"Just like my Donnie," Clunker says. "She fights hard but she doesn't get

TUST wait, is all. It's self-defense now, soon it'll be a brawl and finally it will be a howling feud between two raving maniacs. Fran's out front now, in line for a score. Slugger's chasing after her, pumping up a good head of steam, and everybody who knows Slugger knows what she has in mind. She's going to hit that pack like a steam roller going a mile a minute, not caring who goes down, friend or foe, so long as she can stop Fran from scoring.

I don't want to watch it. I drop my head into my hands and close my eyes. I hear the bells and the horns and the bazoos as the crowd goes wild. I hear the thunder of skates as the girls reach the turn-and then there's a slam-bang crash which shakes the oval and makes

my shoulders cringe.

I hear Clunker let out a deep breath. "A five-pointer!" he says.

I look up and see a pile of sweaters and tights on the track with arms and legs sticking out from all sides. Slugger McCey is on the bottom of the pile. Fran is standing by herself at the rail, the only girl on her feet.

"She side-stepped the Slugger at the last second," Clunker says, glowing with pride. "All she had to do to make a grand slam was step over the pile, and she had sense enough to do it. Brooklyn is on its way back," he adds. "We got ourselves a champ."

GORDON RAMSEY has published short stories in Collier's, MacLean's Magazine, and other "Just like my Donnie," Clunker keeps saying. "Not a mean streak in her."

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Fran's plugging for another score now and it looks as if she'll make it. All of a sudden I see Slugger give her the inside hook and throw her flat on her back against the track. For an inside hook, any other Derby doll would have jumped up and started a free-for-all, but not Fran. The referees call the foul and nick the Slugger for two minutes in the penalty box. Fran is satisfied. And so am I, because now I know about Jet Jones. He's smarter than the Slugger. He makes the inside hook look like an honest spill, but it's still the inside hook.

I tell what I know to Clunker.

"Okay, Rockey," he says when the time comes. "Let's go."

JET Jones has a big smile on his face as he breaks away for the lead. I am ordy hoping that when he is selling insurance he takes out a big policy on himself. He is going to need it.

Nobody expects me to leave the pack and so it's a surprise when I put on a burst of speed and shove through. Clunker follows me out.

"You crazy?"

"Like a fox," I tell him.

He pounds along behind me. "Who's gonna rear guard him when he comes around?"

"You are-if he gets around."

Clunker looks sick as he drops back, and for the first time in my life I'm out front for the team. It's a great feeling. Nobody's hedging me in. Nobody's skating up my back. My head's up, and there's room to swing my arms. I catch up with Jet Jones. He looks back at me over his shoulder and a hard glint comes into his eyes.

"You'll be sorry," he yells.

I sideswipe him into the rail and roll into the lead. The fans are yelling their heads off. It's for me, and it sounds good. For the first time in my Roller Derby career, I pull off my helmet and toss it it into the infield. I see Fran pick it up. I see her standing there, her mouth open and a bright sparkle in her eyes. She's got spirit, Rockey, I tell myself happily. Spirit looks good on a girl.

She's cheering now, and I know it's not for Jet Jones, even though he's right behind me and breathing down my neck. I leave myself wide open, a push over for the inside hook. I'm all set. I know what to do, and when he tries to swing my left leg forward for the spill I do it. Those of you who are at the television this night know what happens. One of us comes to a very sudden stop with the bright green oval in his face, and home he goes for the rest of the night.

It's not me, fans and friends of the Roller Derby. It's not me.

GETHSEMANI

by WILLIAM J. RIGNEY

Ah, Master, be not startled! It is I.
Rise quickly, and the two of us will go
Down to my house, and none need ever know
Your whereabouts. Then, humbly, I shall try
To comfort You this night before You die.
There, now, the fire waits with warming glow,
With food prepared as You would have it so:
My shutters barred that none may on You spy.

It is not much to offer this mad night,
Now that You are so near Your journey's end;
But still it is the gesture of a friend,
Who, if he could, would put Your foes to flight.
Come, let us go! We must avoid delay
'Til love can find a more consoling way.



CONFESSION

by STASIA McMANUS

Never have I drawn breath that was without Thee, Nor tongue surrendered willing word to doubt Thee; Yet, Peter-wise, to all who have inquired Thee, In thrice denying, have I thrice desired Thee.

Ne'er found I soul whose struggle did not hide Thee, Nor known true love that had not once defied Thee; Yet, Judas-wise, of all who would behold Thee, I sued for silver tribute, and I sold Thee.

No thing of earth beloved that does not love Thee, No fallen star that is not fallen of Thee. Yet, lover-wise, from who would weigh and word Thee, I hide my face, and say I have not heard Thee.



NOTE TO A MOURNER

by H. ST. GEORGE

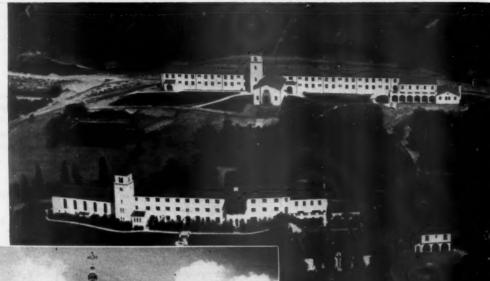
Spring will read peace into your quiet cross; The days of tourmaline will wash and flow Like the lost weeping of the faded snow; Spring will thrust roots into your greening loss.

The rugged days are gone, the sacred fear That froze your raised-up hand in that dark room Blown in the rumbling from the edge of doom, Sleeps now beneath the circle of the year.

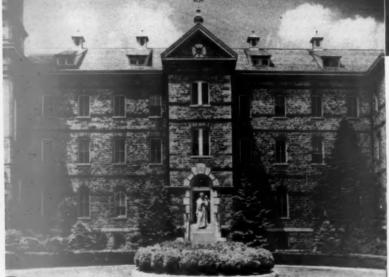
Spring will walk wisdom through the garden stones; Your heart will linger at the neige parfum, Her whim of apricot, her ivory womb, Will tempt the sorrow from your hardened bones.

And you will know, at last, that this sufficed: Spring is a builder like her master, Christ.





Mater Dolorosa Monastery, Sierra Madre. Retreat house in background



St. Joseph's Monastery, Baltimore. Fourth foundation in United States, dedicated by Bishop (later Cardinal) Gibbons in 1868



2:00 A.M. A wooden rattle is used to waken religious for Matins

100 Years Old

• During April of this year, 1952, the Passionists celebrate their hundredth anniversary of existence in the United States. The Passionists are well known for their extramural activities, particularly in the field of missions and retreats. Their home life—which is strictly monastic—is not so well

known. For the information of our friends who may be curious about this phase of our vocation, we offer this short picture story. It covers the principal items of the routine which goes on daily in every Passionist house in the world—a pictorial tour of the typical Passionist cloister.



In daytime, when neighbors would not be disturbed, bell summons religious to duties



Solemn Vespers in church. On major feasts, solemn liturgical functions are held in church and are open to the public



Corner of a monastic library. Clerics study during time not assigned to community exercises



Every day, priests and seminarians chant entire office of the breviary in the monastic choir





Beds are straw mattresses placed on wooden horses and planks



Passionist refectory. The rule imposes three meatless days every week and an entirely meatless Advent and Lent



A monastic cell is plain-desk, chair, bed, bookcase, a few devotional prints



The Passionist Brothers have charge of household chores



Five hours every day are spent in the monastic choir. Here the religious attend Mass, chant the office, and make mental prayer

Cloister walk. Two exercise periods are assigned during day for walking in fresh air





22

Middle East Tinderbox



TURKEY

Naked force and money are practically the only bargaining points we have in the Middle East. We—not Russia—are the enemy

by RAY BROCK

I MMATURITY and bad faith are stamped indelibly upon American policy in the cynical eyes and unsettled minds of the heterogeneous peoples whose very existence is at the whim of the Great Powers now constricting their encirclement of the enormous Middle East.

Postwar disillusionment has very nearly reached its depths in the hearts of teeming millions who had hoped that fumbling but benevolent American policy might succeed where British colonialism had so miserably failed. On the contrary, Moslem and Arab leaders and

their inflammable massed millions of followers have become convinced that America, not Britain, and not Communist Russia, is the implacable enemy of their aspirations for independence, freedom from hunger, privations and pestilence, and an opportunity to solve their grinding economic woes and the scourge of almost unending war.

Why?

Because catastrophic wartime and postwar mistakes in U.S. foreign policy have denuded America of virtually every bargaining point in the Middle East save naked force and money. The sickening realization is being driven home to Americans that money, incredibly, is not enough to elicit the hope and faith and co-operation of inflamed peoples bred on centuries of Great Power perfidy, exploitation and arrogance; that sheer force, in the shape of terrifying bombs and bombers, battle-ships and aircraft carriers, jet warplanes and guided missles, tanks and small arms of fantastic fire power can coerce but cannot compel the Middle East's millions to ally themselves with the West against the common enemy, Soviet Russia.

Despite Russian aggression in both hemispheres, and in the face of Russia's unmistakable plans for imminent adventure in the vital, strategic, and fabulously oil-wealthy Middle East, the peoples of that desperate and frightened area hardheadedly refuse to unite for common defense. In particular, with only two major exceptions, they flatly and defiantly refuse to unite under the mistrusted aegis of the United States and the hated and weakened leadership of Great Britain.

UNLESS democracy can recapture the imagination of Middle Eastern peoples, neither America nor Britain nor their handful of allies in the Levant can hope to withstand the onslaught of implacable Communism.

À cold-blooded military appraisal of the situation can only lead to the conclusion that a Western coalition ultimately could defeat Soviet Russia and its growing, expanding satellites, but only after a ghastly war of attrition costing unimaginable millions of lives, cities, and homes throughout the world. The fact that the first and foremost battlefields in this expected war lie in the Middle Eastern heartland is not lost upon the peoples who now dwell there.

Yet the vast majority of these selfsame peoples, hating the outside world and each other, clamoring for self-determination now, coolly profess to view with equanimity the oncoming struggle between Russia and the West.

In their hearts, and in the minds of their leaders, the good ones and the

bad, the Middle Eastern peoples are almost as dreadfully afraid of war as the peoples of the West.

It would be too simple to ascribe the apparent fatalism of the Middle Eastern peoples to their outwardly calm conclusion that, in the coming conflict between Russia and the West, they have almost everything to gain and little or nothing to lose. Yet in their opinion this is true.

The livid dangers of Communism have been vividly painted to the peoples of the Middle East through virtually every means at the disposal of Western propagandists. Yet the people remain unmoved. In addition, they frequently are deeply offended by the context of Western propaganda, particularly that brand offered by the Voice of America and the operatives of USIS (the United States Information Service), both of whom affect a condescension toward the Arabic peoples that is too often intolerable. American exaltation of private enterprise and the individual is well and good, for Westerners. Private enterprise, as limned by American propagandists in terms of electric refrigerators, automobile production, the questionable amours of prominent actresses, and the extensive forensics of American speechmakers (especially Administration spokesmen), leaves the Arab in the hot bazaar cold. As for the American emphasis upon the rights of the individual, the Arab is one of the most anarchistic individualists in the world and he wonders dimly why Americans make such a fuss about this issue.

Bogus Russian propaganda about community welfare, bogus as it is, goes down very well in the Middle East, Russia promises pie in the sky, but pie at least is something tangible that the Moslem peoples can understand. American tractors, modern plumbing, chewing gum, and soft drinks stir the Arab not at all. Anybody who has traveled on some of the more modern trains through Arab countries is aware of Arab puzzlement about our plumbing conveniences and his disdain to use them as we intended. Russian agents promise, and promptly, if stealthily, deliver rifles, small arms and ammunition, bombs and explosives to various irredentists. A rifle, a pistol, a bomb, a horse-all these the Arab peoples readily understand.

Small things, most of the foregoing, but dreadfully important in the deadly game in which the Americans have involved themselves in the countries of the Middle East. A casual Middle Eastern traveler is inclined to the thought so often expressed that "The British do it better." Indeed it sometimes seems that they do, for they have been doing it longer, and for a time successfully.

THE British were learning fast when their time ran out. The fact that much of their learning—final recognition of the Asiatic or the Moslem as an individual—came too late, is now largely academic to the British. And theoretical as this knowledge seems, it is now becoming desperately practical that Americans swarming into the Middle East should thoroughly understand it in its

This stern face of an Arab mountie could symbolize general Arab dislike of the U.S.A.





every shade of meaning. Now or never—that is, this side of the oncoming conflict—must the West measure their new neighbors and associates as equals, as human beings, as political peers, as mili-

tary allies.

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Like it or not, the United States is up to its ears in one of the most complicated struggles in its diplomatic. political, economic, and probably military history. The stakes are enormous, involving the winning or loss of the current cold war and the possible loss of a hot one. Again, like it or not, the best allies of the United States in the vast Middle East are "strong men," some of them corrupt and all of them subject to the internal stresses and strains of their uneasy countries, but United States policy can and must be made without regard to pressure groups, lobbies, and special interests, at home and abroad. And this includes Jewish organizations, the Arab League, oil companies, Bulgarian and Croatian irredentists, moneyed and corrupt exportimport operators, and the black marketeers who infest every Middle Eastern capital and major ports throughout the Levant and North Africa.

Listen to the cry of intransigent Egypt, from the lips of a wild mullah in Cairo—and this war cry echoes the fervent hate of millions of Moslems:

"We will knock at the doors of heaven," he cried, "with the heads of Englishmen! We must reject any treaty which will tie us to America, which created Israel; to France, which occupies North Africa; to Turkey, whose sinful past we have not forgotten; or to Britain, which has destroyed the foundations of our independence!"

I' is no easy task we in America have set ourselves, or had thrust upon us. And, unhappily, we do not have the best material at our command in the diplomatic and political corps.

Come what may, the United States will find itself from time to time forced to ally itself politically with the fading and hated colonial policies of Great Britain and France. This will further outrage the Middle Eastern peoples. But our future, calculated sins are a product of our thoughtless past in this critical area of the world. The sordid and makeshift American policies of wartime Yugoslavia, and the bootless, half hearted failures of diplomacy in Hungary and Rumania; protracted stale-mates in Washington which very nearly cost Turkish support in the current struggle; serious errors in Greece, which failed until almost the eleventh hour to recognize the burgeoning threat of Communism in Hellas; blunderings in Iran and Iraq and miscalculations in the Lebanon and Syria; the inexcusable

mishandling of the entire Palestinian issue, and thimble-rigging meddling in Egypt— these failures and many, many more are haunting the White House and the Department of State today.

The Middle East is a raging veldt. fire in which American inaction and stupidity, occasional venality, and downright pro-Communist operations have served no cause but that of the Kremlin, inflaming the Moslem peoples and the already blazing torch of Islam. Whether we can yet quench the flames of internal disorder and bring piecemeal understanding before the oncoming holocaust is still a tossup.

The odds are long against us, as are the people, presently. Immaturity and bad faith are stamped indelibly on one side of the coin. *Inshallah*—if God is willing—it will come up on the other side. It is highly unlikely that it will

stand on edge.

How to overcome their current defiance, insolence, and intransigence is the first major problem. Turkey's example has aided immeasurably already. And the conduct of the Joint Allied Military Mission to aid Turkey has become a criterion for the measurement of the men and the munitions now being shipped or ticketed for shipment to future potential allies in the Middle East.

The purely military aspects of this problem are of extreme importance, but American diplomacy and the implementation of Point Four and the Mutual Security Assistance program are almost as urgent. The fact that the United States finally has recognized this urgency is sharply delineated in the appointment, early in 1952, of George H. McGhee, an Under-secretary of State, to head the entire mission to Turkey, McGhee is young (thirty-nine), vigorous and thoroughly versed in the problems, not only of Turkey but the entire Middle East and nearby mid-Asia.

The McGhee appointment seems a step in the right direction but it is only a step. The appointment of Edwin Locke of the Chase Bank to head up American economic aid to the Middle

East is one more stride.

The next bold strides, politically and economically, should envision, and speedily encompass, a shake-up in the whole foreign service throughout the Middle East and the entire administration of aid through the Mutual Security Administration in this area. The American diplomatic corps in the Middle East is loaded with dead wood, burdened with unimaginative and uninspired foreign service hacks, and tainted with left-wing sympathizers.

American military attachés in areas containing "classified" (secret) engineering projects such as the construction of military airdromes, roads, railways, port

RAY BROCK, former New York Times and UP correspondent, is a veteran foreign correspondent whose analytical writings have appeared in fifteen major American newspapers. This article will be a chapter in his forthcoming book, Blood, Oil, and Sand, to be published by World Publishing Co.

installations, meteorological surveys, storage depots, ammunition warehouses and fuel depots and other war impedimenta, should be empowered to recommend the summary dismissal and removal of any U.S. citizen endangering security through direct or indirect activities affecting the control of information about such operations. The action of the military attachés should be subject to review but not control, by the United States Ambassador or Minister in each instance. The final authority should be the War Department. If such a recommendation smacks of wartime controls, it is handy to remember that the United States is at war in the Middle East, to all intents and purposes, and under current loose regulations the enemy has ready access to information of the most precious character.

AMERICAN policy in the whole of the Middle East should be subjected to immediate review by a joint Congressional subcommittee empowered to examine specifically:

(1) The issue of Palestine, one of the most dangerous in the Middle East;

(2) American intrusion in and mishandling of the Iranian oil crisis;

(3) The open scandal of continued arms and financial disbursements to the Communist regime of Marshal Tito;

(4) Extremely sinister influences at work in connection with the "screening" and use of European emigrés to Turkey, particularly Bulgarians, who are being used in connection with the broadcasts of Radio Free Europe (the most effective medium, thus far, of American propaganda in the Balkans and the Middle East);

(5) A prompt investigation of the USIS, which currently is sending and maintaining overseas, particularly in the Middle East, incompetent writers and editors totally unsuited to the handling of news of the United States; and

(6) A sharp examination of the quality and content of USIS news bulletins themselves, which currently tend to reflect only the policies of the State Department and give a distorted picture of political news emanating from the United States. This is of vital importance in an election year, for all the world, and the Middle East in particular, is watching our political conventions and the elections with an intensity that probably has not been surpassed since the elections of 1940.



The Thomas N. Monroe family of Rutherford, N. J.

• Thomas N. Monroe of Rutherford, New Jersey, was acclaimed the outstanding citizen of 1951 in his community and received the annual Chamber of Commerce award. Mr. Monroe, originally from Dunkirk, New York, has brought his Catholic Faith to bear in the musical and dramatic fields. In 1941, he organized and directed the Rutherford Community Band, composed of almost one hundred volunteer musicians from all the neighboring towns. He presents a six-week concert each summer in the local park. He also founded a summer school of music and teaches music to children of all ages, regardless of their musical background.

Mr. Monroe served with the air Force during the past war and was organist at the Post chapel and also director of 585th AFF Band. The young musician later taught dramatics and music at St. Mary's in Portchester, N. Y., before moving to Rutherford, where he now directs St. Mary's mixed choir.

Mr. Monroe is active in the Holy Name Society and is a frequent speaker at the First Friday Club. He is a personable Catholic gentleman who, by means of his talents and leadership, has succeeded in winning the friendship and help of his community in a few years, and the award of the Chamber of Commerce is an indication of the community's gratitude to him.

Mr. Monroe is shown above with his charming family: his wife, Kathryn Lyons Monroe; Julia Ann, 5; Kathryn Marie, 4; and Mary Michael, 15 months.



Second left, Mr. Monroe is shown with officers of Rutherford's First Friday Club



The mixed choir of St. Mary's Parish sings under the able direction of Thomas Monroe



• Mrs. Agnes Coutanche Burke, of Providence, Rhode Island, is owner and manager of the little State's most active Catholic book store. Her interest in the store, however, is far above the mercenary. The local Catholic paper, the Providence Visitor, has named her as the distinguished "patroness of literary endeavors in the diocese." She has labored with indefatigable energy, even at the sacrifice of material gain, to arouse interest in the Catholic press and literature.

She can be seen day and night in her small bookshop and lending library which she is building into a flourishing literary center. Five years ago, this energetic apostle instituted the first annual Catholic Book Fair, and it was an immediate success. The Fair has been held each year since, and through Mrs. Burke's efforts, the finest authors and critics in the Catholic field have attended, including the distinguished group shown above.

Her Washington Street Bookshop has also been used as a meeting place for theological groups and for Catholic Action meetings. For the young, she has a Saturday morning story hour. The children are read the finest of classical stories in an endeavor to counteract the influence of comics, television, and radio.

Besides encouraging reading, Mrs. Burke has also been an inspiration to young authors. In brief, she is a truly zealous apostle of Catholic literature and the press.

Mrs. Agnes C. Burke. Above, authors at Book Fair: (I to r) Barbara Jencks, George Hove, Countess Lily McCormick, Howard Patch, Rev. Harold Gardiner, S.J., Katherine Burton, Helen Landreth, and Rev. Anthony Pattison, O.F.M. Cap.

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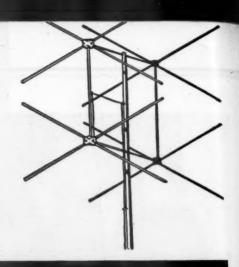
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TELEVISION PRESENTS

the candidates







The conventions feature girls in boats . . .

. . . and snake dances into convention halls

This summer, millions more than in 1948 will view the political antics, snake dances, and general pandemonium of the two national conventions

by JOHN C. O'BRIEN

T four o'clock on a June morning I four years ago, on the fourth day of the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia, a blind delegate from Wisconsin was making a nominating speech for General Douglas MacArthur to a half-empty hall. With a seconding speech in his pocket, emaciated General Jonathan M. Wainwright, venerable hero of Corregidor, half dozed in an anteroom off stage. In a front row on the platform, two mantilla-draped Filipino women were quietly weeping. In the rear of the hall, waiting to put on a forlorn demonstration for the candidate, huddled a group of street urchins hugging wire baskets filled with Mac-Arthur petitions.

Against the platform railing behind

the speaker's rostrum slumped a short, stocky, rumpled, sleepy-eyed man—the permanent chairman, known to almost everyone as "Joe," Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr., of Massachusetts. He was dog-tired, The bizarre predawn drama being played out before him was sheer futility. But Joe made no move to rush it through. The convention may have been rigged an hour before, but Joe knew that every aspirant had a right to have his name submitted.

Scenes similar to this, with a different setting and different cast of characters, will be enacted in Chicago next July when the two major parties convene to choose their candidates for the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency. The Republicans, as is their custom, will meet first—on July 7, the Democrats on July 21.

Four years ago, a relatively small number of spectators, at the most twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand, and a limited TV audience, witnessed the two parties in the throes of selecting their standard-bearers for the coming election. This year, for the first time, the two spectacles—as natively American as the circus—will be flashed over co-axial cables to television screens in millions of living rooms, clubs, and taverns. Officials of the TV networks estimate that over fifty million Americans will see a political convention in action for the first time.

Mr. Average American, his gaze fixed on his TV screen, will find the spectacle a baffling succession of speechmaking, frantic flag waving, band playing, shouting and singing, and "favorite son" snake dancing up and down the aisles. Pandemonium! He will wonder how a presidential ticket can emerge from such apparent chaos. What he will not know from watching his TV screen is that

huddled in hotel rooms, several miles from the scene of action, will be forty or fifty masterminds pulling the strings that will bring an orderly conclusion out of the confusion.

A vast amount of planning precedes the exciting moment when the convention chairman bangs his gavel and shouts into the din, "The convention will come to order." A date for the conclave must be fixed, a convention city, and a convention hall selected, a temporary chairman or keynoter named, hotel rooms corralled and assigned to cently, geographical location was an important factor in the choice of a convention city; often a city was chosen because it was believed to provide a favorable political climate for a particular candidate. But more recently, as national conventions came to be costly enterprises, the national committees have been influenced in their choice by the amounts of money local citizens were prepared to put up for the privilege of playing host to the delegates and their friends. Also, as the convention expanded in size, the exist-

Until 1860, or thereabouts, Baltimore enjoyed a practical monopoly on the quadrennial party meetings because it was as far south as the Northerners cared to go in the slave controversy years, and as far north as the Southerners cared to go. Every Democratic candidate from 1832 until 1856 was nominated in Baltimore and every candidate of the Whigs (forerunners of the Republicans) in that period, except William Henry Harrison, was nominated there, too. Harrison was nominated in Harrisburg.



... elephants and donkeys leading parades



. . . and pictures galore of the favorite candidate

delegates and alternates and other party functionaries, tickets printed and distributed and facilities provided for press and radio and-this year-television.

All of this is done by the two national committees and their subcommittees. The Republicans work through a steering committee on arrangements, the Democrats by the more direct method of a convention manager.

Candidates for the Presidency and the Vice-Presidency have not always been chosen by party conventions. Until the campaign of 1832, candidates were picked by Congressional party caucuses. In that year, however, the followers of Henry Clay formed the Whig party and nominated him as their candidate at a convention in Baltimore. Not to be outdone, the Jacksonian Democrats called a convention in the same city to "approve the repeated nominations President Jackson had received in various parts of the country."

From 1832 on, the selection of a convention city became the first order of business in setting up the quadrennial party meetings. Until comparatively reence of a suitable convention hall and adequate hotel accommodations have had to be taken into consideration.

Chicago was preferred over Philadelphia and other bidders this year because Chicago merchants and hotelkeepers offered to raise \$250,000 for each convention and place at the disposal of the committees an adequate number of hotel rooms to house the delegates in reasonable comfort. Delegates complained four years ago that some of the hotels they were housed in in Philadelphia were too remote from the main center of activity. Another strong inducement for going to Chicago was the prospect of holding the conventions, for the first time, in an air-conditioned hall.

In the one hundred and twenty years that the two parties have been holding conventions, fourteen cities have been hosts, but Chicago has been the favorite of the party bosses. Since the Windy City entertained the Republican convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln in 1860, the Republicans have returned there twelve times, the Democrats seven.

In recent years, Baltimore has been shunned by both parties. The last time it was chosen was in 1912, when the supporters of Woodrow Wilson on the national committee took the Democratic convention there because they thought that location would favor their candidate.

Philadelphia, for a long time the nation's second largest city, has entertained seven national conventions, ranking just behind Baltimore as a host. St. Louis has had five and Cincinnati three. Oddly enough, New York, which probably entertains more business and professional conventions than any other city, has never found favor with the politicians. The Democrats went there in 1868 and again in 1924, the Republicans never. Cleveland and Kansas City each have had two conventions, Minneapolis, Charleston, Louisville, San Francisco, Denver and Houston, each

Today, many large cities have auditoriums of a size suitable for the holding of a national convention. But this was not true in the early years, even though the conventions were much smaller then. There was no hall in Harrisburg in 1839 big enough to accommodate the 250 Whig delegates who nominated Harrison. So they met in the Lutheran church. This was the only time a church was so used. Despite the chastening environment, the convention was marked by the usual backstairs strategy and intrigue, led by Thurlow Weed.

Weed nominated his man, but he failed to persuade the great giant, Daniel Webster, to play second fiddle on his ticket. "No," Webster thundered, "I do not propose to be buried until I am really dead and in my coffin." Within a year Harrison would be in his coffin and John Tyler, not Webster, would be in

the White House.

IN 1860, Chicago had no auditorium big enough to hold the convention that nominated Lincoln. So the Republicans rushed to completion the famous "wigwam," a turreted, barnlike structure with a seating capacity, huge for the time, of twelve thousand. Even this

proved to be inadequate.

Recent conventions in Chicago have been held in the stadium-on a hot day a vast furnace. It was here that President Franklin D. Roosevelt was nominated in 1932 and renominated in 1944. He thought Chicago was a lucky place for him and reluctantly agreed to Philadelphia in 1940. This year, mainly for reasons of economy and also because the owners agreed to air-condition the meeting hall, the two Committees selected the International Amphitheater, which lies cheek by jowl to the Chicago stockyards. The amphitheater operates a cafeteria capable of serving three thousand meals at one time and has the advantage of having a large parking lot. The arrangements committees believe the delegates will be pleased, although one Republican official remarked, "We had better pray for a favorable wind."

Between now and convention time, the arena of the amphitheater will echo to the ring of carpenters' hammers erecting a platform for the convention officials, setting up tables and benches to accommodate approximately one thousand news correspondents and magazine writers, constructing platforms for newsreel and TV cameras, and converting some two hundred and fifty thousand square feet of space adjoining the convention arena into workrooms for the press, the television crews, telegraphers, reception lounges, and first-aid stations.

Even before television came into the picture, the coverage of conventions by the various media of communications was a vast enterprise in itself. To move the wordage ground out by the correspondents of more than four hundred

domestic and foreign newspapers, the Western Union Telegraph Company will install 125 telegraph circuits capable of sending five thousand words a minute. To man these circuits will require more than two hundred and fifty Morse telegraph operators. During the sessions, correspondents of the large newspapers monopolize the services of an operator, who sits at their side thumbing out copy for hours at a stretch.

At the 1944 conventions, for example, 5,353,091 words were moved out of the convention hall by telegraph. But this fell far short of the high mark of the long Democratic convention in New York in 1924, when the total amounted to 9,567,000 words for one convention alone. In addition to the outgo, Western Union also handles a large volume of incoming telegrams addressed to delegates. At Philadelphia, in 1940, in one day it received and delivered to delegates eighty thousand telegrams urging the nomination of Wendell L. Wilkie.

Among the more thankless chores performed by the convention managers is the allocation of rooms and the distribution of admission tickets. Each convention committee must find housing for more than 2,400 delegates and alternates, and their wives and friends, for hundreds of Congressmen, governors, state party officials, and other functionaries who attend conventions as observers, and for publishers and newspaper correspondents. For the accommodation of these official and nonofficial visitors, all demanding the "best in the house," the Chicago hotels have turned over eight thousand rooms. At every convention, the housing committee is the unhappiest group of the lot; scarcely anyone ever believes that he has been accorded the housing his position and dignity entitle him to.

ADMISSION tickets are coveted even more than suites with a lake view, for admission tickets have been known to serve as useful weapons in the hands of managers of candidates. Supporters of Wendell Wilkie were accused of packing the galleries at Philadelphia with his admirers the night the balloting took place. And this was one convention where the clamor from the galleries undoubtedly had an effect upon the outcome. Theoretically, each delegate and alternate is entitled to one spectators' ticket and the rest are apportioned among the chairmen of the state delegations in accordance with the state's population. But they do have a way of falling into the hands of candidates' managers, and then there is the dickens to pay.

No one is ever quite sure when a convention opens how long it will last. A record was set at Madison Square Gar-

den in 1924 when the supporters of Al Smith and the supporters of William Gibbs McAdoo battled through 103 ballots over a period of fourteen days. Barring a deadlock, however, managers count on getting the show over in five days. They guarantee the donors of the convention funds a five-day stay in which to try to get their money back.

This year, more than ever, because the eyes of the country will be focused on telecasts of the proceedings, the national committees will make a strenuous effort to hold down the length of speeches and maintain decorum.

R EPUBLICANS have a rule limiting each candidate to a single nominating speech of fifteen minutes and four seconding speeches each of five minutes. The Democrats impose a twenty-minute limit on nominating speeches and five minutes on seconding speeches but no limit on the number. No chairman, however forcefully he has used the gavel, ever has been able to enforce the rule. How much less chance will he have of enforcing it this year when the orators will have the opportunity to strut before the vast TV audience.

A much more difficult problem, however, will be control of the time-consuming demonstrations staged by the supporters of the various candidates. These usually start after a candidate has been put in nomination. Although the sponsors would like to have the delegates believe they are "spontaneous" everyone knows they seldom are. After McAdoo was nominated in Madison Square Garden, his managers turned loose a demonstration that had been worked up for weeks. From the anterooms of the hall there burst upon the convention floor a motley army of hired demonstrators, equipped with signs and posters and noisemakers of all descriptions. While the bands added to the din, these synthetic McAdooites, joined by the standards of the states supporting the candidate, marched up and down the aisles for close to sixty minutes. Not to be outdone, Tammany put on a show that lasted for an hour and a half after Smith had been nominated by Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The question raised by the advent of nation-wide television is whether the TV public wants to watch antics like these for an hour and a half, not even if the cameras could pick up such a delectable sight as was witnessed by spectators at one Roosevelt convention -the austere and impeccable Sumner Welles carrying a Maryland banner in a snake dance of the standards.

TV experts have no answers. As one convention manager put it, "It's a perilous experiment, but we're stuck with it.

We can't keep TV out."

The Girl Next Door

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She is something new—a Catholic lay missionary. She offers a few years of service, or a lifetime

by ELSA CHANEY



Helen van Dyke, for instance

THE girl next door, or down the block—the completely average, solid young woman who has always been a shade serious under her laughter—don't be surprised if she packs up her bags one of these days and goes into training as a lay missionary.

For today, on many frontiers of the Catholic Church—in the Orient, Africa, Latin America, India—the lay missionary is already working. And young women in growing numbers are preparing to give three years, six years, or a lifetime of service to the overseas mission field.

But you do know the girl I mean, don't you? She is the one who finished high school and resolutely decided against the first routine job that came along. She went into nurses' training, perhaps, or social work, or teaching. Now she has been in her profession one year, three years, five—and she wonders a little where it is all leading, where the troubled world is going, if there is "something she could do." This accounts for the serious, questioning look you have often seen behind her smile.

Such a girl is Helen van Dyke. Helen is "the girl next door" in Oosterhout, a small town in Holland. She returned there recently for a visit, from her post in Southeast Borneo.

ELSA CHANEY has published articles in many Catholic magazines, including the Catholic World, Sacred Heart Messenger, and Family Digest.

There are many new houses in Oosterhout-and even as in our United States housing developments, they are strung together in a manner that threatens their individuality. But luckily there remain the old-fashioned homesteads with their neat facades modestly hidden behind white cherry blossoms. There is one of the latter on Sixth Street. Not extraordinary. The van Dyke family lives here. One of the daughters is called Helen-not an extraordinary name, either. But the fact that the girl next door left voluntarily for Indonesia to work there as nurse-midwife among the inland people is a joy which startlingly breaks through the routine of daily life.

As we walk around the quiet house in search of the family, we find Helen, returned just two weeks ago from Borneo, and festively greeted on that occasion by the whole town. Life goes on, however, and the festivities are over; the flower baskets in the small living room—equivalent of American corsages and keys to the city—are the only souvenirs of her joyous homecoming.

Helen van Dyke is 28, extremely energetic, a graduate of the Grail Mission School in Ubbergen, Holland, where nurses, midwives, and social workers are trained as lay missionaries. Besides receiving a profound spiritual formation which mission authorities agree is primary, students learn the language, the history, and culture of the people to whom they will be sent, and such prac-

tical skills for the missions as horseback riding and driving. Since its opening in 1947, the school has sent out over eighty young women to Java, Borneo, Celebes, and Flores in Indonesia; Surinam and Brazil in South America; Manokwari in New Guinea; Mirpurkhas, Pakistan, and Africa

After her school years, Helen worked for some time in the offices of the local canning factory. The work there was pleasant, but Helen was one of those who are forever looking beyond. The desire grew in her to work more directly with people. So she went to the school for Catholic nurse-midwives at Heerlen and received her diploma after a three-year course. After an intensive training at the Grail Mission School at Ubbergen, Helen left Holland for her post in Banjermasin in Southeast Borneo.

HELEN arrived in Borneo in the midst of a revolution. For some time prior to the transfer of sovereignty in December 1949, by which Holland granted Indonesia her independence, conditions in Banjermasin were not ideal, especially as far as the Netherlanders were concerned. Feeling ran high among the Indonesian people, and many of the Dutch did not feel safe even under armed escort. And after December disturbances continued.

Helen has often jumped into her jeep in the dead of night, on a call to the country, while the troops' machine guns rattled in the neighborhood. Her only outward protection was a green cross on the car—an armed escort would have been even more dangerous, and would have attracted mistrust. When the people asked why she kept on, Helen would laugh and tell them, "Why, in the Netherlands, one learns to come when one is called."

She once found her house in such disarray that it was evident the rebels had been visiting her. But, urged on by a strong idealism, she carried on her work good-naturedly, finding her satisfaction in the gratitude of the people.

And the conditions for her work? "The conditions in the campong (village) must not be compared to those here," Helen explains. "Most of the houses are wooden one-room dwellings where the whole family sleeps in one large bed, and that is not always very beneficial to either hygiene or morality.

"In most cases there was just the water

financed, and the lay worker has a professional status and a salary for his livelihood. But in the service of the missions Helen would still have had to use tact and delicacy in her dealings with the people. The population, which consists largely of Mohammedans, would not have accepted any direct proselytizing. Here, as everywhere in the missions, the main work of the lay person is to preach the Christian life by living it.

In spite of this, she has had the chance now and then to baptize a dying baby. She has entertaining memories of the Chinese family where she found a picture of the Sacred Heart on the wall, and where she quietly baptized the little one who was in peril of his life. She told this to the parents who were apparently not Catholic. The infant recovered, and the family is now quite proud to have a Catholic in its midst. This, together with her many other experiences, has compensated for much of the anxiety of

in the building of the Church overseas?

It is important to see that lay people go to the missions not only to serve where they are most needed professionally, but to use their professions as a means of extending their apostolate and of Christianizing these very professions themselves. Theirs is the distinctly lay task of building a Christian social order. The role of the lay missionary, then, is not meant to be an extension of the task of missionary priests and religious; the laity have a complementary role, one which only they can fulfill.

The idea of teamwork is also essential, if the laity are to make a stable and permanent contribution to the missions. The effectiveness of one lay apostle in China, one Helen van Dyke in Indonesia, will be multiplied immeasurably if there are three or four Helens working together. As a rule, the lay workers of the Grail are sent out in teams of two to six members. First



After one to three years of training—a mission team en route to some odd corner of the world



Mary Louise Tully, graduate of Grail Mission School, Loveland, Ohio. In China, before Church was outlawed

available from the rivers which ran through the campongs," Helen reports. "Naturally, newborn babies could not be washed in that. But the women themselves were almost always very heroic."

Often, especially in circumstances where warning was late and a case was no longer without danger, Helen would find "competition" in the person of the so-called doekoens at the bedside of the expectant mother. "These doekoens are old women held in great respect by the people. They try to bring about a successful birth by the placing of rice, silver money, and coconuts under the bed, and by the mumbling of unintelligible formulas."

Due to prevailing conditions, Helen was not officially in service of the missions, but in government service. This is often an ideal arrangement, for transportation to the mission land is thus

the political unrest and disturbances, and have made Helen's stay in Indonesia a memorable one.

"And the future?" we venture. "Are you going back?"

"Yes!" says Helen. "The plan is to set up, together with some other nurses from the Grail Mission School at Ubbergen, our own confinement clinic." Meanwhile she is not sitting still. During her stay in the Netherlands she wants to practice her profession—she finds it difficult to take a holiday.

One sees from her eyes that she can talk for hours yet about her experiences, even as we finally get up to leave the house on Sixth Street in Oosterhout.

But what exactly can Helen do as a "lay missionary," as an apostle in the missions? Does she have a role beyond the obvious one of being as good a nurse as possible? What is the special contribution which lay people can make of all, the apostles co-operate in their professional and apostolic work, as in the confinement clinic which Helen and her fellow nurses will establish in Indonesia. But more important, the team members strengthen one another in the disappointments and hardships of the missionary apostolate and encourage one another in holiness of life. The inclusion of at least one permanent worker on each mission team also helps insure a continuity to the various works undertaken.

But in considering the special contribution which the laity can make to the missions, the most important point of all is to realize that they can contribute nothing of lasting value without a deep spiritual formation. Far away from the familiar "props" of home environment, the lay worker must not only be able to depend on himself, but must, in the words of one of China's Grail leaders,

written during the present crisis, "be faith and confidence to all who come to us."

The training of the lay missionary must, then, develop a deep interior life and an ardent apostolicity founded on the spirit of the Gospels, the principle of self-renunciation, and the consciousness of the Mystical Body of Christ. As one veteran missionary priest, the Reverend Nicholas Maestrini, told mission school students at Grailville last summer: "Only lay people who have definitely proven that they can stand spiritually on their own feet, and who rely on God alone when everything seems lost, can be sent to the missions with any hope of success."

Now what about the girl down the block in our own country? Where and how can she serve in the lay mission apostolate?

Young nurses, teachers, and social workers are learning the answers to these

ing two or more years of apostolic work in various fields. These services include working among university students or workers, organizing youth groups, opening apostolic centers, bookstores, and libraries, serving the apostolate in the role of teachers, nurses, social and interracial workers, musicians, artists, and youth leaders.

Besides the general program, Mission School students also participate in a missionary orientation designed to give a general introduction to missiology, a survey of the growth of the Church from apostolic times to the present, major mission fields and their needs, methods of approach in establishing the Church, principle of adaptation, problems of building a Christian community and a local Christian culture. Besides the Grailville staff, mission students have heard this past summer the Reverend Frederick A. McGuire, C.M., head of the Mission Secretariat in Washington, D.C.;

the student. College graduates and those with professional training as nurses, doctors, midwives, technicians, teachers, and social workers are most readily accepted by the school. There are also opportunities for highly skilled office workers, and for writers, artists, and musicians. Young women who have not yet completed their professional training and who wish to dedicate their entire lives to the mission apostolate, may first receive spiritual formation and then be sent to specialized schools for training along professional lines.

Now, as never before, the layman has a role to play in the mission field. At the Mission Congress in Rome in September of 1950, an entire section of the Congress was set aside for lay missionaries. The Most Reverend Fulton J. Sheen, Auxiliary Bishop of New York and National Director of the Propagation of the Faith, has given his warm approval and called for lay workers to



Helen van Dyke works in Borneo. Here she poses with members of a native family, outside their hut



In Java, a Dutch lay missionary and a Javanese nurse bring advanced methods of child care to native babies

questions at the Lay Mission School recently established at Grailville, Loveland, Ohio, lay apostolate training center for young women. As a result of an intensive six-weeks orientation course this past summer, which attracted girls from many parts of the United States and several foreign nations, two teams are forming: a team of nurses for Africa, and a team for Brazil.

The Grailville program integrates worship and prayer, work and recreation, study and discussion, into a balanced and full experience of Christian life. For the past ten years, Grail training courses have been preparing young women for apostolic work in a variety of services across the nation. Upon completion of their training, students often return to their own occupations to work as a leaven in their own environment. A number of them go out in teams to different parts of the country volunteer-

the Reverend John J. Considine, M.M., director of Maryknoll publications and author of Across a World and World Christianity; the Reverend Nicholas Maestrini, veteran China missioner and head of the Catholic Truth Society of Hong Kong; the Reverend Hubert Schiffer, S.J., survivor of the first atom bombing and pioneer in industrial relations at Hiroshima University; Miss Alba Zizzamia, N.C.W.C. Office for U.N. Affairs. Also guests of the Mission School recently were His Excellency, Archbishop Paul Yu-Pin of Nanking, His Excellency, Bishop Dominic Fukahori of Fukuoka, Japan, and the Reverend J. Alfred Richard, Provincial of the White Fathers of

The program is open to young women between seventeen and thirty years of age. Missionary training may take from one to three years, depending on the maturity and previous preparation of volunteer their services. And during the past months, requests for trained leaders have been coming in to the mission school at Grailville from mission bishops all over the world.

Out of the quiet tree-shaded streets of the American middlewest; out of the metropolitan centers of the Eastern United States, out of the cities and villages of free Europe, are coming the lay mission workers, young women with adventure in their hearts, heading for the Orient and Africa.

In this article I have told the story of Helen van Dyke, a young nurse who found an exciting and meaningful task in the lay mission apostolate. Similar stories are being told all over Europe as the number of young pioneers increases. Now in our own country, young women are taking up the challenge. Tomorrow, you will tell the story of the girl next door.

THE SIJIN POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

Self-Preservation

Must you tell your parents or the doctor if you have reason to think you have TB or cancer?—s. C., SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

I have a serious eye condition. I fear that if I tell my parents, they will have to sell the farm to pay my hospital bills.—A. B., BARRE, VT.

By the Fifth Commandment of God, as well as by the virtue of charity toward ourselves, we are obliged to use ordinary means for the preservation of life and health. Hence, we have a serious obligation of providing ourselves with requisite nourishment, clothing, shelter, and even relaxation. Without adequate food, clothing, and shelter, we can bring on serious illness and hamper the efficiency we need in order to take care of ourselves—not to mention obligations of justice which we may have toward others, such as children, aged parents, and so on. The want of minimum relaxation can result in a nervous breakdown. The cardinal virtue of prudence dictates: Why be "pennywise, pound foolish"?

"What right has an individual over his body? . . . Reasonable administration, but not absolute ownership." (Rev. Gerald Kelly, S. J., in Hospital Progress, June, 1951) We are answerable to the "Lord of Life and Death" because of the obvious connection between health and life itself. Since we are obligated to prevent serious illness, we are all the more urgently obligated to cope with actual illness by consulting and co-operating with a physician. Since parents have a grave obligation to provide for their children's health, children should not thwart those responsible for their well being, by a "conspiracy" of silence. Nowadays, even most major operations are commonplace and the element of risk is well under control. As for financial outlay that may be involved, children should leave that problem to the good judgment of parents. For example, the preservation of your eyesight betimes may mean your efficiency to provide for your parents in the days of their dependence on you.

"Is Christ Divided?"

Please answer enclosed from the Catholic viewpoint.— E. K., TOMAHAWK, WIS.

Your clipping reads: Q.—Did Christ approve of rival Christian sects? A.—Yes, according to Mark: 9:37-39. The question originating in Clearwater, Fla., typifies those whom St. Peter had in mind when he warned us: "The unlearned and unstable . . . wrest the scriptures to their own destruction." (2 Peter 3:16) In the passages cited above, St. Mark records the following exchange between Our Lord and St. John: "Master, we saw one casting out devils in Thy name, who followeth not us, and we forbade him. But Jesus said: Do not forbid him, for there is no man that doth a miracle in My name, and can soon speak ill of me. For he that is not against you is for you."

First of all, in any alleged case of casting out devils, or of miracles—accomplishments that call for a share of divine power—we have to distinguish between merely apparent and real success. What John took for a case of diabolical possession may not have been successful, as John thought. But if it were, then despite the fact that the wonderworker was unknown to John and his companions, he enjoyed the approval of Our Lord and was endowed with heavenly powers. Therefore, he could not have been—as John feared, until reassured by Our Lord—a rival, or in any sense at variance with Christ. And therefore it does not follow that Our Lord approved a rival—whether an individual or a sect.

The Apostle St. Paul, so idolized by non-Catholic Christians, has outlawed sectarianism in no uncertain terms. "I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you all speak the same thing, and that there be no schisms among you; but that you be perfect in the same mind . . . is Christ divided?" (1 Cor. 1:10-13) To counteract the tendency to sectarianism which had cropped up even in his own day, he wrote to the Galatians: "If anyone preach to you a gospel besides that which you have received, let him be anathema." (1:9)

The Church Unity Octave of prayer, observed during January and now so popular throughout the world, is but an echo of Christ's own mind on this point—"one fold and one shepherd." (John 10:16) He never referred to His churches, but to one Church—"My Church," and He gave us a prophetical picture of non-Catholic Christianity, when he warned: "Every kingdom divided against itself shall be brought to desolation." (Luke 11:17) Men should, indeed, be free to worship God according to the dictates of conscience. But a man's conscience should be certain, not uncertain or indifferent; and it should be correct in the sense that it squares with the Apostles' Creed and with the much more detailed Nicene Creed, recited during the Mass and professed as far back as the year 325—long before the sects began their piecemeal forgery.

Seasonals

Where does the priest get the ashes used on the first day of Lent? What is Spy Wednesday? If Easter is the most important feast day on the calendar, why is there more ado over Christmas?—T. M., STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

The first day of Lent has taken its name, "Ash Wednesday," from the ceremony of blessing and applying ashes to the foreheads of the faithful on that day. The ashes are obtained by burning palms which were blessed on the previous Palm Sunday. The ceremony of the ashes is a sacramental of the Church, and its spirit is keynoted by the prescribed prayers. The priest invokes the blessing of God upon the ashes and pleads for the grace of contrition and for divine forgiveness; in applying the ashes, he reminds each recipient: "Remem-

ber, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return." The use of ashes or dust as a symbol of repentance

dates back to the Old Testament Jews.

Wednesday of Holy Week is the first of three consecutive days on which the gospel account of the Sacred Passion is read during Mass. One of the early events recorded is Judas' plot to betray his Master. Obviously, the treachery involved spying: "He sought opportunity to betray Him." (Luke 22:6) The actual betrayal took place on the original Holy Thursday evening: the naming of the previous day as "Spy Wednesday" seems to have originated in Ireland and through Irish immigrants to have become common in this country.

There is a unique appeal in the feast of Christmas and in the feast of the Epiphany, commemorating as they do the advent of the Saviour of the world, after long centuries of expectation. That appeal is deepened by the circumstances of His advent-as a humanly frail Infant, amid hardship surroundings affecting Him and His Virgin Mother. However, in the official appreciation of the Church, Easter ranks decidedly higher than Christmas, because it commemorates not merely the beginning but the comparative completion of the God-Man's mission in this world. The relative importance of Resurrection Sunday as the occasion when His mission was brought to a successful climax is indicated by the emphasis of St. Paul: "If Christ be not risen. again, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain . . . for you are yet in your sins." (1 Cor. 15:14-17) The Easter song of the Church, "He hath risen, as He said," reminds us that the resurrection of Christ is a double miracle, attesting to His claims to divinity and to our allegiance -a physical miracle whereby His human soul animated His body anew, and at the same time an intellectual miracle, for by His resurrection He fulfilled the stupendous prophecy that He could turn his apparent, temporary defeat into real, everlasting triumph. For that reason, St. Leo referred to Easter as the "feast of feasts."

Stations of the Cross

We have been urged to make the Stations of the Cross during Lent. How do you go about it?—C. s., SANDUSKY, OHIO.

During Lent, this devotion is held publicly in most parish churches throughout the country. However, you may "make the Stations," or "follow the Way" of the Cross as often as you wish, privately, and gain the same indulgences.

Over the centuries, this devotion to the Passion of Christ has gradually taken its present form. Understandably, the faithful always long to visit the Holy Land, especially the places made sacred by Our Lord's journey to Caivary. For the convenience of that vast majority who are unable to make so distant a pilgrimage, sets of chapels were built in various European locations, corresponding to the original chapels or shrines in and about Jerusalem. In the course of time, practically every church and chapel incorporated a set of images—fourteen reminders of the Saviour's passion and death—and the Holy See enriched this devotion with ample indulgences. The Stations of the Cross, as we have them nowadays, date back to the close of the seventeenth century.

Although the fourteen images, whether painted or sculptured, are important as graphic reminders, the indulgence is attached to the wooden crosses affixed to each image. Hence, one could make an indulgenced Way of the Cross, even though some church were to feature only the crosses. When the Stations are made publicly, vocal prayers are customary, but not necessary. What is requisite is that, at each of the fourteen Stations, we think, with realization and sympathy, and in a spirit of contrition, of the particular stage of Our

Lord's passion. This earnest thought is essential, if we are to gain the indulgences attached to the devotion.

To make the Stations alone, you walk from one Station to another. It does not matter whether the Stations begin on the gospel or the epistle side of the church. To make the Stations amid a gathering of the faithful, assembled in the church pews, it suffices to arise and genuflect at the an-

nouncement of each Station.

You may gain a plenary indulgence every time you follow the Way of the Cross; another plenary indulgence, if you receive Holy Communion on the same day, or within a month after having made the Stations ten times. It is so much the mind of the Holy See to encourage this devotion that the same indulgences are granted to those who cannot get to church, as follows: Those at sea, prisoners, and the sick, provided they use a crucifix especially indulgenced for this purpose, and in a spirit of contrition recite the prescribed prayers. The prayers are the Our Father, the Hail Mary, the Glory be to the Father, etc., once for each Station, five times in honor of Our Lord's five wounds, and once for the intentions of the Holy Father. Even those who are too ill to recite the above prayers may gain the indulgences by kissing or at least gazing upon a crucifix duly blessed, and saying some aspiration in memory of Christ Crucified.

Papal Flag

Please explain the significance of the papal flag?-J. D., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

The temporal or civil sovereignty of the Vicar of Christ over the thousand citizens or less of the State of Vatican City is symbolized, as in the case of any sovereign, by an ensign or flag. This national sovereignty of the Pope is very secondary to his international, supranational sovereignty over hundreds of millions of souls as their spiritual ruler. Nonetheless, it has its own importance and interest. His civil sovereignty is urgent as a measure of independence of all other temporal powers. De jure—legally—the Pope is entitled to a temporal domain. De facto—actually—his hundred acres suffice to exemplify his diplomatic independence. It should be kept in mind that the Holy See, as the capital of a spiritual kingdom, is not a civil state but has a civil state as an adjunct. Emblematic of the Holy Father's spiritual authority is the papal cross; symbols of his temporal jurisdiction are the

papal tiara and the papal flag.

The papal flag is featured by two vertical stripes of equal proportions, an inner yellow stripe, next to the flagstaff, and an outer white stripe. The white field is charged with the insignia of the papacy-the triple crown known as the tiara, together with two crossed keys; the gold and silver keys are tied with a red cord from which two tassels depend. That the papal flag is symbolic of temporal sovereignty is attested to by the protocol whereby, in any given country outside of Vatican City, the flag of the country is accorded the position of pre-eminence-the right-hand side, while the papal flag is placed on the left. When national emblems are tolerated in the sanctuary of a Catholic church, for the duration of a war, the American flag is placed on the gospel side and the papal colors on the epistle side, for right and left are determined according to the placement of those who look from the sanctuary toward the body of the church. Similarly, the left and right compartments of a coat-of-arms are reckoned according to the position of one bearing a shield upon his arm, not from the viewpoint of one facing the shield or looking at the emblem. The papal tiara is a helmet, in shape suggesting a beehive; it is ornamented by three crowns and surmounted by a cross. Inasmuch as the tiara is not symbolic of the Pope's spiritual authority exclusively, His Holiness does not wear it during liturgical functions. On such occasions, his headdress is a papal miter.

Everybody's Vocation

I heard a priest say that God wants everyone to be perfect. Does that mean everyone should retire to a monastery or convent?-B. C., SCRANTON, PA.

Because of its very practical implications, in application to the everyday life of everybody, your inquiry is one of the best ever submitted to this department. Personal holiness, whereby we perfect ourselves and glorify God, is the be-all and end-all of our Catholic faith and morals and worship. It is a widespread mistake to suppose that a monastery, a convent, or the like, is the only setting in which personal holiness should be striven for, or in which it can be actually developed.

Obviously, not everyone is called upon by Divine Providence to shoulder the obligations of convent or monastery life, or of the priesthood. In reference to the priesthood, the Apostle Paul declared: "Neither doth any man take the honor to himself, but he that is called by God, as Aaron was," (Hebrews 5:4) In the nineteenth chapter of his gospel, St. Matthew records the advice given by Our Lord to a young man who was comparatively perfect already, inasmuch as he had complied faithfully with the commandments of God: "If thou wilt be perfect . . ." (that is to say, "even more perfect"). Just as "star differeth from star in glory," so too there are various types and degrees of human

holiness, of moral perfection. On the one hand, the priesthood and the professional religious life of monastery or convent bespeak a grave obligation to strive for a refined perfection, as well as opportunities to attain that ambition. On the other hand, every man, woman, and child, without exception, is invited by God and enjoined to become holy, to become morally as perfect as can be, under his or her circumstances, and-if need be-to so better the circumstances as to make them conducive to a holy life. During the course of the sermon on the mount, Our Lord inveighed against a measuring attitude and called for all-out effort: "Be you therefore perfect, as also your heavenly Father is perfect." (Matt. 5:48) To the point, the emphasis of St. Paul: "This is the will of God, your sanctification." (I Thess. 4:3) It stands to reason that God must be intent upon our moral perfection, for He cannot be indifferent to the perfection of His own handiwork. We are the masterpieces of His creation, and our resemblance to Him is verified in ratio to our moral perfection of soul. The Church's catalogue of canonized saints is featured by many holy men and women and children who made an everlasting success of life, in settings other than a monastery or convent-perfect husbands and fathers, perfect wives and mothers, kings, attorneys, and saints in overalls. When all is said and done, it is because God wants all of us to be very holy or morally perfect that we build churches, conduct schools, and maintain the Catholic press.

Catholics Stoical?

At a Catholic funeral, the mourners were told not to dare show any signs of emotion. Is such weakness frowned on by the Catholic Church?-J. H., WHITMAN, MD.

Grief and signs of grief are perfectly normal to human nature and do not imply weakness in the sense of an imperfection or flaw. A mourner without grief would be a contradiction. Just because He was truly human, Our Lord Himself was susceptible to grief and gave unmistakable signs of it on the occasion of the death of His friend Lazarus: . . . "Jesus groaned in spirit . . . and wept. The Jews therefore said: Behold how He loved him!" (John 11:33-36) In the garden of Gethsemani, His anguish was such that He perspired unto blood: "My soul is sorrowful even unto death!" St. Paul tells us to "weep with them that weep." Neither the Church nor any normal Catholic frowns upon or belittles reasonable expressions of grief. In the case you refer to, it would be enlightening to know just who "laid the law down;" also, whether some of the family were prone to borderline hysterics. Catholics are not stoics; they are susceptible to grief and sympathetic toward the grief of

Neutral Approach

I have no definite intention of becoming a Catholic, but would like to discuss the claims of the Roman Catholic Church with a priest. Can I do that without committing myself to a change of allegiance?-G. S., HARTFORD, CONN.

By all means. We suggest that you ask a Catholic neighbor to introduce you to a local priest. You will be received with understanding courtesy and, whether you have one interview or a dozen, you will never be "embarrassed" into the Church. Allegiance to the Roman Catholic Church is not acceptable unless it be founded upon solid conviction and unless graced by the divine gift of faith. Hence, you need not be uneasy lest a priest be annoyed by your "neutral approach," or that because of your inquiries he will take it for granted that you "join his church."

To gain a thorough conviction as to the reasonable claims of the Catholic Church, you need thoughtful reading, coupled with discussion-a process that calls for time and patience. Ideally, both the reading and the discussion should be under the competent direction of a priest. In his first epistle, St. Peter makes it clear that a representative follower of Christ should be "ready always to satisfy everyone that asketh you a reason of that hope which is in you.' (3:15) Unfortunately, too many Catholics are not competent to explain their faith in a representative way. Hence the advisability that you discuss your several problems with a priest.

Whether in connection with Roman Catholic belief or morals or worship, a simple, accurate explanation is often an adequate defense and serves to refute what is alleged against the Church. Just as there is evidence which proves Christianity to be the only credible religion, so too there is ample evidence that Catholicity is the only form of Christianity to have weathered the ups and downs of twenty centuries, that only the Roman Catholic Church has preserved Christianity intact. This stupendous claim of the Catholic Church may have come to your attention only recently, but it is not, as you say, "recent propaganda." From the earliest centuries of Christianity, the Church has had to insist upon her unique fidelity to her Divine Founder, because of the many heretics and schismatics who have seceded from the Church, founding their own so-called "branch churches." Severed branches are lifeless. A candid history of Martin Luther, Henry VIII, and Cranmer reveals them as anything but Christ-like. But they are the founders, respectively, of Lutheranism and Anglicanism.

For the simple reason that every so-called Christian church differs from every other, in essential and vital matters, it follows that no two or more churches can be right. At most -whether or not Catholicity measures up to its claims-only one church can be right, and all others must be wrong, logically. But in questing for flawless, everlasting religious truth, we need more than logic. The true faith is a divine gift: to obtain and maintain it, we have to pray humbly. One of the most eminent converts to Catholicity, Cardinal Newman-scholarly saint though he was, and convinced though he was of the logic of the Catholic claims-was constrained to await the influence of divine grace, whereby he was persuaded to take the step, indicated long before by the force of sheer logic. To beg for that grace we must not be ashamed. For your encouragement-to the man who does his utmost in a spirit of co-operation, Divine Providence

never denies His grace.



Her First Date

When it came to growing up, Virginia Lee was pretty, pretty sneaky. From babyhood to dating seemed just a step. Every father of a pretty girl discovers that sooner or later

by JIM BISHOP

THE numbness was still on me when the doorbell rang. Three hours ago—returning from church—I was told that Virginia Lee, not quite fifteen, was going out that afternoon with a—well, a boy. It was all done over my dead body, as I should have known all the way back to the day when I brought Virginia Lee home from the hospital in an ordinary washbasket with ribbons on it. Somehow, it didn't occur to me that, when it comes to growing up, some kids can be pretty, pretty sneaky.

We were driving home from church when the news was fed to father. I remember the words as clearly as I recall the flash announcing the kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby. "We're having early dinner," Elinor said. "Virginia Lee has a date." Maybe I choked. Maybe I just hung onto the wheel. I don't know. But I do know I muttered, "You're kidding!" and the two words rattled around inside the car in silence. It was then that I realized that a conspiracy was on; that the women in my family knew all about this matter, and that dear old dad, as usual, was the last to know the domestic score.

In the back seat sat my mother-in-law, Maggy. When fuses are lit, she remains quiet and becomes inordinately interested in scenery she committed to memory years ago. Also in the back seat was Virginia Lee, an inch taller than her mother, looking eighteen when she hadn't reached fifteen. She has dark brown hair and blue eyes and is a bit too pretty to suit me. In the front seat was Gayle Peggy, eight years old and the nearest thing to an anarchist in town. No matter what the subject, G.P. will give you the best of her advice whether

you want it or not and, for one so tiny, her belligerence always reminds me of a Peke growling at a Great Dane. When the time comes for her first date, we'll all be worried about the boy. Elinor sat in the front seat too, on the outside, a petite person with black hair and a moon-like face, trying to pretend that she hadn't said anything startling.

"Are you going to let her go?" I said, closing down all the stops in the oral organ so that what came out was a

sanctified whisper.

"Of course," she said. "She's a big girl now, and a little matinee date at the movies isn't going to hurt her." She sighed a long sigh. "Don't worry. We've had talks." More silence. I swung the car into the driveway, a thing that can be done without thinking. My mind was trying to trace the history of natural events up to this shocking event. Why, only a year ago we couldn't get the kid out of dungarees and into a dress. First she was going to be a nun when she grew up. Then she was going to buy a ranch with one H. Cassidy out west and chase the rustlers up and down Channel Five. Now it was boys.

"Come on, Pops," said Virginia Lee, and helped me out of the car. I don't need the help, yet. But it was offered, and accepted. Once we got inside the house, pots and pans clattered, dishes and condiments were tossed on the table, the oven temperature was set higher, mother and daughter were rushing upstairs and down on the double, the sibilant sound of whispering could be heard and Gayle Peggy said accusingly:

"Somebody's got a secret around here and they ain't telling me." "Virginia Lee has a date," I said dully. "What's that?" the little one said.

"She's going out with a boy."

"What's his name?"

"They forgot to tell me."

"Big boy or little boy?"

"Big."

"How do you know if you don't know who he is?"

"Frankly, I don't. Now will you keep ouiet for a moment?"

"Why do I always have to shut up? She doesn't."

"Who doesn't?"

"Virginia Lee. She just talks and talks and talks."

"Believe me, kid. She'll listen today. It's part of the plot."

"What's that?"

"A scheme. The women plot to trap a man. They're all in on it right now: Nanny, your mother, and your sister. Today, the beautiful butterfly comes out of the cocoon."

She smiled. "You talk funny," she

It was shortly after dinner that the bell rang. It is most astonishing what a front doorbell can do to our house. Virginia Lee was standing in the downstairs hall in a bathrobe, trying to apply the first delicate tracings of lipstick under her mother's tutelage. Upstairs, Maggy was ironing a slip. The bell gave a short brr-r-t and Virginia Lee moaned "He's early!" and, without a word, mother and daughter tried to race each other up the stairs. On the second floor, Maggy, unnerved by the commotion, dropped the iron. The sound of women wailing went through the house. I sat transfixed. Gayle Peggy had sense. She opened the door and said, "Hello," the way a warden might say it to a lifer who has just jumped back over the wall. It was here that the boy made a mistake. He tried to tousle Gayle Peggy's hair in a patronizing way. She pulled away and turned on a glare that should have melted his glasses.

I stood and introduced myself. I was right—he wore glasses, big black frames which seemed to enlarge his eyes. He had hair the color of a general alarm fire and it hung in a way that suggested that a bulldozer had spent two weeks in it, and failed. He was short and so thin that, for a split second, I almost forgot my animosity. I kept thinking "A good meal would..."

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"Where's he taking her?" Gayle Peggy demanded. She was still angry over not being dealt in on the secret.

"Movies," I said.

"I know that!" she shrieked. "Which one?"

"I don't know," I said. I was about to explore the possibilities of a cold beer when the phone rang. It was Virginia Lee's girlfriend and classmate, Mary O'Brien. I said that Virginia Lee was out. "She's on a date with a guy," I said. Mary emitted a squeal of delight. "Please tell her to call me the minute she gets in," she said.

I went to the kitchen for the beer. At the kitchen table, I ruminated, which means that I drank it slowly and did a lot of thinking. In my mind, I could still see the face on Eddie when Elinor came downstairs, wiping her hands on an apron and trying to look pleasantly motherly. And then Maggy came downstairs and, with Gayle Peggy, the cast was complete. At the time, I was moved to commiseration for this

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I POURED the second half of the stubby. "That's peachy," I said. "Our precious daughter goes out on her first date and we don't even know the kid's name." Maggy rubbed a tired hand across her forehead. "It's Eddie something or other," she said. I nodded happily.

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Elinor looked at the yellow kitchen clock. "Quarter after five," she said. "The picture is just starting, quarter after two."

"Well," I mumbled helpfully, "in case they don't come back, we can always explain to the police that yount I—let our child go out with a boy whose name is Eddie-Something-or-Other. By the way, where does he live?"

"He wears black glasses," Gayle Peggy said brightly, "and he has a big tooth in front. I'll tell the cops."

"You shut up!" she was told from three directions.

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This golden child looks up, and up my heart

Hurls to such sun-tipped heights as not the far
Range of eagles at the burnished start

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Far on the foam of heaving ocean borne
Can shudder deep in space. Oh, at the kiss
Uplifted in that tiny spirit's morn,
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For such bright coin from vaults of heaven sent You and I, beloved, well are spent.

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To Emily's husband, timidity
was intolerable. And so he tried to banish her weakness
by a stubborn refusal to admit its existence

AHEAD of her plane the runway stretched under the sun like an interminable canal of blurred black water. On both sides lay wide carpets of bright green grass, and the scene suddenly reminded Emily of an illustration she found years ago in a story book, all solid color and simple line, neat and securely remote from the careening fantasy of the plot it accompanied.

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Pale and small, her back rigid against the extra cushions they had put in so she could reach the rudder pedals, she delayed panic by rushing her thoughts



back to those evenings at home when she sat as a child with the huge book in her lap. Her father would lean over and point carefully to each word as he read it: "Once upon a time there was a . . ." She tried desperately now to remember what there was—a bear? a little boy? a giant? But then her ear caught the click of the latch on the plane's door, and as Jack opened it from behind her the rush of wind whipped away the warm dream and she was back in the cold present.

He was climbing out from the seat behind her, thrusting his bulky shoulders through the opening.

"That was a fine landing!" he said. "Didn't I say you could do it if you wanted to?" His voice was loud and confident, and he was looking straight at her and smiling. "It won't groundloop if you're headed right when the wheels touch. Just keep it headed straight!"

The day before she had landed the little plane alone for the fourth time, but before it rolled to a stop a gust of

wind, or perhaps merely her nervousness with the rudder pedals, had made it whirl in a sickening arc, and the wing tip dipped to within inches of the ground. Forces which she had never felt to be entirely under her control had suddenly broken away and spun her in a sickening, terrifying half-circle, and she had clung there, submitting in helpless terror.

As he spoke about the landing, Jack seemed to be leaning toward her, and she looked away quickly to the small black panel of dials. The fingers of her right hand felt numb and clumsy on the stick, and she did not know how to answer. Jack was so big, so confident and hearty. Everyone liked him, and Emily supposed she loved him, for he was gentle in his way and patient with her shyness and lack of confidence. But sometimes, even after eight years, she was embarrassed when he spoke and felt frightened and awed before his overwhelming self-assurance.

He stepped back with a final little

wave of his hand. She thought frantically of bursting into tears and rushing over to him for comfort in her weakness. She would confess defeat gladly, if only ... Then the wind blew the door shut with a metallic slam.

"I'll be right here," he called faintly. "There's nothing to it."

She gave him a last hopeful look, but his fixed expression of encouragement did not alter. Mechanically she advanced the throttle and taxied to the center of the runway. Then she moved it all the way forward and the whirling propeller pulled her faster and faster along the slick surface. In another moment she was airborne, automatically glancing at her wingtips and at the airspeed indicator. The flying itself was quite easy. It was the new dread of groundlooping that frightened her today, the horrible sensation of losing control after she was back on the ground.

She hadn't thought for years about that ridiculous day on the bicycle, but suddenly—four hundred feet over the



ground—the experience came back to her in all its details. It had happened about two months after their wedding, and Jack had been amused, then honestly shocked, to discover she didn't know how to ride a bicycle. "Good heavens! You did lead a sheltered life, didn't you? I can teach you how in about ten minutes, though. It's quite easy." The next weekend he borrowed two bicycles and the lessons began.

It was in a park, she remembered, and his instructions had been sketchy. First he had been amused, then impatient, then brusque. He seemed to take her lack of aptitude as a personal affront. Finally she had managed an unsteady descent of a short, downhill road. "That's the stuff," he had exulted. "You've got it! Now we'll try a longer hill. I'll go first and all you have to do

is follow."

He had led her to the top of a long curved grade. "If you go too fast, just put on the brakes. That's what they're for." Then he had started coasting down the hill, and she had bitten her lip for courage and begun to follow him.

Just remembering it brought back the dryness to her tongue, the same futile sense of panic to her body. Again she saw the black car rounding the curve and felt the tightness in the pit of her stomach. The bicycle began to weave crazily as the car came closer. It seemed drawn to the approaching automobile like a needle to some inexorable magnet. Huge and close it roared past her, and at the same moment she lost control of the bicycle and fell hard to the gravel roadside. Her knee and palm burned from the fall, but the fear burned deeper.

If only Jack wouldn't demand so much of her so quickly. If only he would help her little by little, instead of insisting that she leap ahead in great, terrifying jumps before she was ready. For each inevitable failure doomed the next effort, and the modest confidence she had possessed at the beginning had become nothing more than a dream.

TEAR by year she was becoming YEAR by year and each backward step into her world of nervous timidity was the result of some effort of Jack's to hurl her in the opposite direction. There had been his plan to help her overcome her fear of appearing before large groups of people. He had persuaded her to join an amateur theater organization with him. "Don't worry, you won't be handed a leading role right off the bat, kiddo. We'll just mingle around and help out backstage. Sewing costumes and painting scenery and things." But at the first meeting each new member was called upon to say a

CHARLES CARVER, graduate of Yale, class of 1938, served in World War II as a lieutenant in the Navy. His short stories have appeared in many publications.

few words to the hundred-odd members, and she had stood tongue-tied, her palms moist, while all the faces leered at her and reveled in her anguish. She wondered now whether Jack had known they would be called on. He had so many friends. . . .

There were other experiences, too, a whole heartbreaking trail of them. The unmanageable horse he had forced her to ride, aquaplaning, skiing, trap shooting—each time all he had done was to alienate her forever from all zest for success by his stubborn refusal to be gradual and patient.

And now it was the flying. "You'll love it, honey! It'll give you a sense of power you just can't imagine."

"But I don't want a sense of power."

Then he had been reasonable, with a touch of self-pity. "It isn't fair to me not to try, is it? How can it hurt to try? This may be just what you need, you know. I want my girl to be a consort battleship, not a little mouse."

So she was trying, with the extra cushions behind her and the howling en-

gine ahead.

She had almost circled the field and was ready to turn into the base leg at right angles to the runway. Through the streaked window she saw him standing at the edge of the strip, waiting like a judge. However she landed he would be waiting with criticism and gentle, persistent advice. It was a circle, a dreadful, never-ending circle of planes and horses and speed and helplessness and failure, always failure at the last.

Emily pulled out the carburetor-heat button and slowly drew back on the throttle. Automatically she lowered the nose and turned into the base leg. Eight hundred feet. Seven hundred feet. The sound of the wind seemed about right to her, and the speed indicator read seventy. At three hundred feet she turned left into the final approach, and her hand began to tighten on the stick. She forced herself to relax her grip and headed the plane along the runway.

It was a good landing, gentle and smooth, but yesterday the landing had been deceptively good also, just before the groundloop. The plane sped along the runway, and Emily saw Jack at the left edge about three hundred feet ahead of her.

Imperceptibly at first, then with a discernible curve, the rushing engine swerved toward him at fifty miles an hour. Emily pressed the right rudder to straighten it out, but still it raced at the wooden figure.

Her hands, her feet, her very mind seemed suddenly to be in the keeping of someone else. They were no longer part of her, and she sat in a rigid, hypnotic state of terror as the blurred circle of whirling wood raged toward him.

Then a cry jerked from her throat and she fought herself free. Desperately she jammed her foot against the rudder and yanked the stick to one side. The wing swooped toward the ground and the plane whirled on its wheels while the hangar and the trees on the edge of the field spun about her, then slowed,

then stopped.

She sat trembling, and through tears of exhaustion saw him appear safe at the door of the plane. His face was white. Then she heard the door open and felt his hand reassuringly on her knee. "It's all right, honey," he was saying. "Don't cry, it's all right." Dimly, not daring to trust her ears, she heard a new note of understanding in his voice. "We'll let it go," he said. "I was a fool to make you try it."

S HE looked at him in amazement, terror draining from her nerves, and she stared unbelievingly into his eyes. "I thought that if you could do this," she heard him say, "it might be the turning point." He patted her knee. "But you had the courage to try, that's the important thing."

The turning point. She was only half listening. He was right; this was the most dangerous of all. This, above all the others, required self-reliance and a lonely reckoning with bravery. And it had taken this last effort, most agonizing of them all, to bring him to face her weakness and capitulate gracefully before it. Sympathy and understanding were at last melting down his furious stubborn wish to change her, and the knowledge moved her strangely. It was like seeing a new, warm person.

"Let me in," he said gently. "I'll taxi it to the hangar for you and we'll forget we ever saw an airplane. The darned things are too noisy, anyhow." He be-

gan to climb in behind her.

"Wait a minute!" Here I am, she was thinking, not alone any more. Whatever happens, there are two of us now, for he has changed from critic to ally. He is at my right hand and no longer away from me. "Wait a minute," she repeated in a strong voice, "I think I'll take it around again—but stand well back in case I make like a merry-goround!"

She only took time for a quick glance at his amazed expression, but the memory of his astonishment, of the sun bright on his hair, flew with her as she drew steadily back on the stick and lifted the plane confidently from the hurrying earth.

The **Old-time** Religion

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MARY TINLEY DALY



In this Catholic family circle there are two reading groups

The child's first and most important teachers are his parents, and here are some very useful suggestions and helps for Mom and Dad

N INE-year-old Dickie Galiher had to undergo dental surgery, requiring an anesthetic.

"Blow into this balloon, Sonny," the nurse anesthetist said, putting the bag over Dickie's face, "and think of an exciting baseball game!"

Dickie's mother held her son's hand and leaned close to his ear: "Say a prayer, Dickie," she whispered. "And I'll say one."

The little boy squeezed his mother's hand and went peacefully under. . . .

A look of surprise passed between doctor and nurse but they said nothing until they joined Mrs. Galiher in the waiting room.

"He came through with flying colors," the doctor said. "But, Mrs. Gali-her . . ." he hesitated, "in the thirty years I've been practicing dental surgery this is the first time I ever heard a mother tell her child to pray. Miss Evans and I think there must be some

sort of magic to this prayer business!"
"It's not 'magic'," Mrs. Galiher smiled. "It's just part of Dickie's life."

Prayer should be part of every child's life-but unfortunately, it isn't, as the doctor's experience showed.

We want our children to have a re-

ligious background; we know it's our job. . . . The Popes have pointed out in learned phrases the necessity of religious training at home-our own parish priest has stressed it.

But when it comes right down to

doing it, we shy away.
"Me?" we think with a tightening throat. "Me-teach religion . . .?"

We're aghast. Why, we might do it wrong-throw 'em into heresy or schism or whatever it is that happens when you get the wrong steer on religion.

We'll hear their catechism lessonsbut that's all! We think of the times those grade schoolers have put us on the

"Is it a sin to get into the movies for half price when you're twelve and the lady at the box office thinks you're still eleven?"

Or the fantastic ones, when we wish we were THE SIGN'S "Sign Post" and had a month to prepare:

"Supposin' you're in confession and the priest says Ego te and before he can say absolvo you and him're both killed by lightning. Where do you go?

"You go ask Sister!" we say, and with a sigh of relief turn over the whole business of religious training to parochial schools or Christian Doctrine teachers. That's their job.

It is, to a limited extent, but the best they can hope to do is to supplement the religious training given at home. The missing link, possibly, is that parents don't know how to correlate home life with religion.

Parents can give only what they themselves have-but most parents have a great deal more common-sense religion than they realize, the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine believes, though they may have insufficient knowledge of the particulars of their Faith.

Recognizing the inherent fitness of parents for teaching religion and their willingness to undertake it if they know how, the Confraternity, under leadership of Bishop Edwin V. O'Hara, has set up its Parent-Educator Program. And what a boon it is to willing but uncertain parents!

Formally established in forty-five dioceses in the United States, the Parent-Educator Program regularly sends its literature to more than fifty thousand families. Whether or not you are in one of these dioceses, the Confraternity-at 1312 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D. C .- will be glad to send you a list of its easy-to-read, easy-to-understand

publications.

Let's take a look at just one: Heaven, Home, and School by Mary Lanigan Healy, writer and mother of nine children under 14-years-of-age. Chapter I deals with adjustments to be made at home when a child enters school: such as making time for grace before and after meals, even breakfast, to dignify the common act of eating and to say "Thank You" to God. Mrs. Healy suggests this is the time-when a child is six or so-to stress the Family Rosary by telling him of the promises of Fatima and that he can do his part as a Christian and an American in saving the world.

IN an informal discussion of kindness, Mrs. Healy says. "Your daughter tells of a new little girl at school. 'She cried 'cause she didn't know anybody. So I gave her a tissue to wipe her eyes and my skipping rope to play with.'

"You give your daughter the hug she deserves and say something like this: 'Honey, remember the Catechism lesson about loving God and neighbor? It says we love God, our neighbor, and ourselves when we are kind to others.' A natural impulse drew your daughter to rescue a strange, lonely little girl, but she will be glad to know that she was pleasing God too. She learns that Catechism isn't just rules about hearing Mass and not eating meat on certain days but it gives rules about living too."

Mrs. Healy takes up brother-sister quarrels: "Don't wait till the backyard blitz is at its fiercest," she suggests. "Neither you nor the children then are in the mood for talking. You are provoked, the children are emotionally

uncat

"Better choose one of those tranquil moments when brother and sister are playing happily. It will be worth while to tell them 'This is the way to be happy. I'm pleased with you and your

Guardian Angels are too'."

As the booklet goes through various stages of childhood you catch glimpses of how you, too, can weave a sense of religion and right living into everyday happenings. In a calm, practical way—but always with a sense of the spiritual—Mrs. Healy takes up the subjects of club activities, hobbies, school, social life, sex instruction, choice of a vocation, reading, family fun, allowances, helping at home.

You feel the true mother's constant alertness to physical, mental, and spiritual needs of children through various stages of growth. Other books that we read on the psychology of childhood: the "What to Expect" at six, seven, or whatever, are helpful, but the Confraternity books go beyond that. As

you read, you grasp Mrs. Healy's meaning of the three worlds of childhood: heaven, home, and school, the title of the booklet. (The booklet sells for 50¢)

You will find that you are not following the text slavishly—you're doing one of your own, applicable to those boys and girls of yours and their own particular temperaments and needs. A hint here, a warning there, a device used by Mrs. Healy—like her holy picture scrapbooks—will give you ideas that interest your children and make their Faith a living thing to them.

The Confraternity has a series of five booklets in the form of discussion club texts with outlines. Whether or not you go the whole way and form a discussion club, you'll find that merely reading the texts is a way paver in your efforts to bring religion to your grade school children. These booklets are: Parental Responsibility, Teaching Prayer in the Home, Obedience in the Home, Honesty in the Home, Citizenship and sell for twenty cents each.

The Confraternity also has lessons plans by which its instructors teach prayer and doctrine. For detail, they

FRIEND: One who knows all about you and loves you just the same. —Elbert Hubbard

are excellent. As further help, there is a graded list of books (130 titles), The Family Bookshelf, 25¢ compiled under auspices of the Catholic Library Association. Bought a few at a time, these books build an exceptional library of not only good, but Catholic literature.

Of course you can't "read a book"—or even a whole series—and automatically find your children educated in their Faith, any more than you can "read a book" on the Care and Feeding of Infants and find your baby well nourished. It's surprising, though, how many ways will occur to you to bring a feeling of religion into your own household.

You'll find yourself explaining the use of the Missal to your children and gradually living the beauty of the Church's liturgical year. You will use that Catholic calendar in the kitchen for more than remembering the fish days. You will notice that it also has saints' days—and you'll look up the lives of patron saints and those whose virtues particularly appeal to some member of the family. St. Cecelia's Day, for instance, might well be the occasion to present a picture of the lovely saint to your budding pianist as an inspiration through those long practice periods.

Your interior decoration scheme will improve by the addition of a crucifix

here and there as a reminder. A storm will lose its terror when you take out the Blessed Candles and the Holy Water.

And you may remember that you've never had the house formally blessed by a priest. This impressive and hearwarming experience is an opportunity for the children to know the parish priest away from his purely churchly atmosphere.

You will find, too, that the spiritual approach you are acquiring is of infinite help in dealing with all sorts of problems: property rights and obedience, for example—and that bugaboo of all

parents, dirty stories.

This phase calls for action, not a sermon—not immediately at any rate. When you hear the behind-the-doors tittering, you'll be wise and tactful if you suggest a game or a project: building a fire in the fireplace and popping corn will do all right. And then you might drag out some funny stories you've heard—their age is no drawback, you'll find, for this is a new generation. Even "my most embarrassing moment" is good for a laugh. Later on, a tactful talk with your own youngster, in private, will be taken sanely and sensibly.

Perhaps you have a child who is a "born leader?" And sometimes that leading is not in the right direction? When he plays hookey, he takes half the classroom with him! He's cocky and

proud of his prowess.

It's pretty hard to guide such a child. It's easier, though, when you have a chance to talk with him quietly. You tell him that leadership is a talent that God gave him just as surely as He gave his sister a talent for music. And because of this gift, God expects him to use it to influence people for His honor and glory. A child will grasp the fairness of this argument.

ALL sorts of things will occur to you along this line—and what a help they would be if you would share them with other parents through the Parent-Educator Program. For it can be sustained only by thoughtful co-operation of families helping other families.

Before you know it, you'll find that you really are teaching religion at home—and enjoying it! Better than that, you're living religion at home.

And when next you read one of the Pope's texts or hear a sermon on the ponderous subject: "Parental Duties in Regard to Teaching Religion in the Home," your reaction will be a confident.

"Me? Teach religion? Why, of course!"

Booklets mentioned in this article are published by Confraternity Publications, 508 Marshall St., Paterson 3, N. J.

Christ in Wood



A story in pictures of a famous Swiss artist who carves lifeless wood into inspiring religious statues

A SIGN PICTURE ARTICLE

• The town of Brienz in the Berne region of Switzerland is famous for its woodcarving craftsmen who have carried on this tradition for centuries. Most famous of these contemporary craftsmen is Emil Thomann, the carver of the Christ figures which grace many of the altars and roadside shrines not only of Switzerland, but of Italy, France, and America.

Though by no means mass-producing statues, Thomann and his assistants turn out statues in sufficient numbers to enable them to be sold at reasonable prices. Unlike the plaster figures, the woodcarvings take on added beauty with age, with the customary patina-acquisition of the wooden surface.

Thomann's figures are a happy medium between the excessively sweet expression of the Spanish school and the stark modernism of the North European and American Modern schools. Each of his heads of Christ, for example, is filled with expressions of religious depth that transcend mere mortal piety. It was Thomann who brought this new expression to his craft.

Thomann has been carving since 1907 and markets over half of his statues in America.



Top: Mr. Thomann gives a final graining surface to a carving intended for a mountainside shrine.

Above, the first step: drafting the design on paper. It is made extra large and wrapped around the wood.

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After the pattern is traced on wood, it is sawed out and ready for hours of carving.



The figure of Christ Crucified is examined by Mr. Thomann. He is comparing it with the prescribed design on paper.



As many as 150 tools are needed for a fine specimen. Mallets are used only in the rough areas.



Small figurines are made in quantity for homes and are often carved from one integral piece of wood.

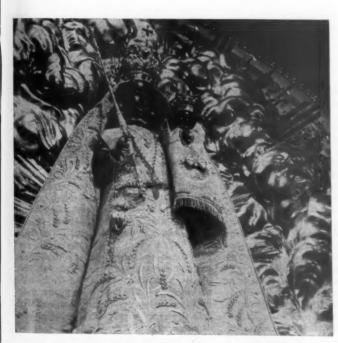
Christ in Wood



The figures are hollowed out in order to lessen their weight, and also to make them less prone to warp or crack.



A detail of the head of Christ, showing the expression of agony carved from the lifeless wood.



These figures of the Virgin and Child have the appearance of ebony or black basalt, due to smoking candles.



A figure of Saint Anthony which was carved by Thomann himself.



A copy of the famous "Black Madonna" of

Einsiedeln.

A SIGN PICTURE ARTICLE .

NCE again the thoughts of a great part of mankind are turned back in concert to the central event in history, the crucifixion of the Son of God. Once more the eyes of millions are raised to the faithful cross, the tree all noble and divine, on which the world's merciful Creator repaired the evil brought by the misuse of one of earth's first trees.

Good Friday is a more important day than Christmas, but one of the effects of the Protestant revolt was to make men forget this fact. Those who defected from the Church decided which of the truths that had been divinely revealed they would accept. In the sixteenth century, there was not an immediate mass turning from the cross, but such is the nature of heresy that it leads to all kinds of unforeseen tragic results.

One wonders whether those who first replaced the cross on non-Catholic edifices with the weathercock realized how appropriately ironic the latter symbol would become. During the last four centuries, more and more non-Catholics decided that they would accept the crib, but not the cross. Those who, in their pride, rejected any norm of faith except the sacred scriptures, ended by rejecting the one great event about which the Scriptures revolve.

On Good Friday there will be no message on the significance of the day broadcast to the country by the Christian President of the United States, such as is broadcast, with fanfare, on Christmas eve. It is completely safe to talk about Christ's birthday, but people would be shocked if the President talked about His deathday. There is no logic, of course, in the minds of those who rather like the idea of Bethlehem, but are embarrassed by the idea of Calvary. But mankind is short on logic, and much more short on the wisdom of God.

The newborn Christ and the crucified Christ are one and the same, and it is the utmost folly to pretend that one can accept Christ at the beginning of His life and reject Him at its end. When factions arose in the early days of the Church, St. Paul asked those who were foolishly causing dissension, "Is Christ divided?" This question can be proposed, in a different sense, to those who, with even greater foolishness, attempt to divide the historical Christ, the Christ whose birth filled the night-sky with, joyous brilliance and celestial music, and the Christ whose death filled the day-

The Only Wisdom

They live in foolishness who refuse to dwell on Christ's deathday, for it is in the encyclopedia of the Cross that the answers to life, suffering, and death can be found

by BERTRAND WEAVER, C.P.

sky with an overwhelming pall of gloom.

There are many delegates to the United Nations who call themselves Christians, but you know that you will not pick up tomorrow's newspaper, or that of the day after tomorrow, and read that one of these delegates has urged a return to the saving wisdom of the cross. Not only is the cross far from their lips, but its wisdom is far from the minds and hearts of most of them. There is conference after conference, discussion after discussion. Millions of words are poured out, some of them supposed to be marked by wisdom, and the world situation gets no better.

How well the words of Isaias, as quoted by St. Paul in his first Epistle to the Corinthians, fit the fumbling efforts of those who, while professing to believe in Him who died on the cross, turn their backs on its wisdom: "I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and the prudence of the prudent I will reject." (1:19). St. Paul goes on to ask, "Where is the 'wise man'? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputant of this world? Has not God turned to foolishness the 'wisdom' of this world? For since, in God's wisdom, the world did not come to know God by 'wisdom,' it pleased God, by the foolishness of our preaching, to save those who believe . . . ; but we, for our part, preach a crucified Christ—to the Jews indeed a stumbling block and to the Gentiles foolishness, but to those who are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ, the power of God and the wisdom of God." (1:20-25).

Perhaps, however, we in the Church are too ready to condemn individuals outside. We can say that certain confusions are due, more or less, to what happened in the age of the great schisms, but we cannot be sure of what graces have been given to particular persons, or withheld from them. Moreover, we can condemn the denial of the cross without the Church only if we are living by its wisdom ourselves. Only self-deception would allow us to think that we ourselves have, in any marked degree, lived up to the exalted standards of the cross.

We enshrine the cross over our altars. We raise it above our churches. We place it on the walls of our homes. We sign it on our bodies. We see the cross everywhere, and yet we fail really to see it. And, because we do not see it with spiritual vision, its wisdom does not characterize our lives as it should.

The wisdom of the cross is not in any way vague, except to those who live by the foolish "wisdom" of the world. It is spelled out clearly in the open book of Christ's body on the cross. We



Christ Crucified . . . the Wisdom of God

have only to read what He has written there in the letters of His divine blood. He says to us what God said to the Prophet Ezechiel: "Son of man, eat this book." There are chapters in this book on every conceivable subject. Every question is answered there, every prob-

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Do you want, for example, to know the divinely wise attitude toward life in this world? Christ gave it to you when He died on the cross at the early age of thirty-three years. Because He was God, He could have lived, if He had so willed, for a hundred years, two hundred, five hundred, for as long as He pleased. By dying in His early thirties, He showed us that it is not the number of years that we live on earth, but the manner in which we spend the years, long or short, that are given to us. There have been saints in every age bracket. St. Mary Goretti died before she had reached her teens. St. Gabriel and St. Therésè were in their twenties. St. Isaac Jogues was in his thirties when he was martyred. St. Francis of Assisi and St. Thomas Aquinas were in their forties when death came. St. Paul of the Cross was in his eighties. The saints learned from their crucified young Master that a term like life expectancy is rather unimportant to God.

There is another chapter in this

divine book that we must learn better. It is that in which Christ teaches us how to value material goods. We have to earn a living. We must use the goods of this earth. What Christ teaches us from the cross is that we must use, or refrain from using, earthly goods in accordance with the will of God. As our Lord could have lived as long as He chose, so He could have brought all the riches of the world to His feet. Actually, He rejected material goods totally and died naked on the cross. He does not, needless to say, require this total renunciation of all His followers. All that He asks of most is that they do not allow greed for earthly posses sions to strangle the life of their souls. It is only of those whom He calls to the religious life that He requires a more complete detachment.

Another subject in the book of the cross that we must understand more clearly is that of suffering. We are not surprised when those outside the Church fail in this regard, but it is tragic when a Catholic wrings his hands helplessly in the face of the trials which must enter the life of every member of the Mystical Body of Christ, This writer once met a non-Catholic woman who had just lost a young son through sickness. She remarked that she and her husband were trying hard to believe. It

was not clear in what they were trying to believe, but, whether they sensed it or not, they were trying to believe in the cross. They had attended a non-Catholic church and had been active in it. It was obvious that they had supposed that they could have Christ without the cross, Christianity without its symbol, the cross.

The cry that you sometimes hear from a member of the Church when the cross touches his life is: "Why should this happen to me?" Such a Catholic may believe in the cross, but he has little understanding of it. It is as though he were saying: "It is all right for the Son of God to have been crucified for my sins, but why should I also be asked to suffer for them?" There is small excuse for such a failure on the part of those within the Church, where the cross is continually exalted and our participation in its redemptive pain constantly emphasized.

The titles in the encyclopedia of the cross are almost endless. However, we will refer in this brief space to only one further question which receives a resplendent answer in the cross, that of our relationship to our fellow beings. Our Lord's sacrifice of His life on the cross was the most selfless act of love that the world has ever seen, or will ever see. Christ was innocent with the innocence of God. The all-innocent One, the all-holy One, accepted an agonized death because He loved mankind so much that He was willing to be wounded to death for our iniquities. He said that there is no greater love than that demonstrated by the laying down of one's life. And it was in connection with this noble utterance that He commanded us to love each other as He has loved us.

He made imitation of His love for others the great test of discipleship. Here again, however, He does not åsk heroic imitation of all His followers. A relatively few are asked to give all, even life, for their neighbor. Most are required to practice only day-to-day-acts of generosity, thoughtfulness, and forgiveness.

We have made only the most sketchy references to the solution which the cross gives to life's problems, But these mere suggestions of the answers to be found in the book of wisdom that Christ published on the hill of Calvary may

serve to indicate what treasures await

those who will take the time to read.

They were a strange pair-Holly Jenkins, so dissatisfied with his lot in life, and the blind child, content with so little

by JEAN FISCHER

ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

"H ELLO," he said, "You're getting quite a sun tan. I like it. You're mostly too delicate."

"Yes," she answered, touching her face and staring up in the direction his voice came from. "The spring days feel

so good. I've been sitting reading."
"That'll hurt your eyes," he said, and

they both laughed.

Holly Jenkins was the only person who treated her as if she were like everyone else. Others always acted as if she were blind, and they were afraid to say things about it.

Not so Holly Jenkins. Now, since he had stopped to talk to her on his way home from work one night six months ago, she always made sure she was out in front when he came along.

"Well, kitten," he said "I'm tired tonight. I won't stop to chat." She didn't like the way his voice sounded now. Usually, it was a vibrant voice. He'd let her feel him talking once. It rumbled clear down inside him when he spoke. But tonight it sounded edgy.

As he started away from her, she called, "Mr. Jenkins." His footsteps stopped immediately. She felt her way along the fence. "There isn't anything wrong, is there? I mean at work, or anything?

He touched her hand. "Not exactly," he said. "My foreman gave me heck at work today because I slipped up on something important. But it's a lousy job anyhow. Don't worry about it."

"I'm sorry," she said. She turned her face in his direction as he left her. The sun was cooling off. That's how her world felt when he left the same as when the sun cooled off at end of day.

"Take care of yourself, kitten," he called just before the sound of his footsteps ceased completely. While she waited for her father, she started thinking about things Mr. Jenkins had said

to her other nights.

"Sometimes I think you're lucky you can't see. You wouldn't like the way it looks down here. Everybody living in squalor, not much grass-or trees. People oughtn't to have to live by factories like this. It's no good. People grow up, and sometimes they're no good either. We don't want you to be like that, kitten."

She heard her father coming and

waited until he started up the walk.

"How are you tonight, baby?" he asked, "Are you getting too much sun?"

She said the doctor had prescribed lots of fresh air and sunshine.

"I suppose you were out waiting for Jenkins again," her father said.

"Yes, Papa, I like Mr. Jenkins. Do you know him very well, Papa?'

"Not too well. Works in the same part of the plant I do." They'd been over the story of Mr. Jenkins practically every night, but she never was tired of hearing what he looked like.

"Is he as nice to look at as he sounds, Papa?" she asked, wanting reassurance.

"Alice," her father said, "I've told you a million times about Mr. Jenkins." He changed the subject as he steered her up the stairs. "Getting hot again." Pretty soon it'll be summer, and awful hot. The darned house will be hot."

Without Papa's giving her the extra boost on her arm, she could tell when they came to the third floor. Papa stopped and switched on the light in the hallway. His keys jingled for a minute before she heard the lock click.

Mamma was having pot roast. Their house smelled good, though Mamma said it didn't look good. It was a good house-a comfortable house, except on the chair with the broken spring. That didn't feel very good.

"Mamma," she asked, going out in the kitchen, "Could we have Mr. Jenkins to dinner sometime?" She was worried about how Mr. Jenkins sounded tonight.

All the time that Papa cut up her food and told about things at the plant, she thought about Mr. Jenkins. In the last month especially, the quaver in his

voice. She stopped thinking about Mr. Ienkins for a minute when Papa started telling about the big payroll robbery at the plant.

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"Old Carson got it," he said, "They found him on the floor, with money spilled all over him. Silver's too heavy

to carry, I guess." Mamma wondered how soon they'd get paid now. 'I've got five dollars in the sugar bowl," she said, "That's all that worries me."

After dinner Papa read it to Alice from the paper. "They say we'll have our money by Wednesday," he said. "I suppose Mamma can get by till Wednesday.'

"Papa," Alice asked, when he had finished reading the details. "What did everybody say today? What did Mr.

Jenkins sav?"

"Everybody talked too much," Papa said. "A lot of cops came around and looked. But anybody could have done it. Everybody around here knows we get paid in cash. I don't know. Let the cops worry about it." He rattled the paper and started talking about Korea, and what ought to be done in Korea, and if he were running this country what he'd have done a long time ago.

Alice went out in the kitchen where her mother was doing dishes. Over the swish of the water, she asked, "Mamma, could we have Mr. Jenkins to dinner

sometime?"

Mamma said, "We don't have very much money, Alice. Having another person to dinner costs money, because

you have to buy lots of extra food."

Alice argued, "But Mamma, I think Mr. Jenkins would like anything you cook. Your food is wonderful."

Mamma tried to say she would think about it, but Alice would not let her. Finally, Mamma said, "Next Sunday. Ask him if he would like to come next Sunday."

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Alice could hardly wait for Mr. Jenkins to get off work. When she heard his footsteps a half a block away, excitement grew in her until by the time he arrived, she was almost dancing. "Mr. Jenkins," she said, after he said hello and how did she feel today, "Mamma says I may ask you to dinner Sunday."

Mr. Jenkins tousled her hair. "Kitten, I'd like to," he answered, if I'm here. I've been angling for a job in Florida. I may be leaving before the end of the week. That is, if we get paid."

Everything inside her began feeling a little sick. Mr. Jenkins couldn't go away. But she couldn't say, "You can't leave me. Before you came and talked to me, I didn't understand about a lot of things. I didn't understand what was important about reading, and I didn't understand what was important about music. Now I get better books from the library, and I listen to the right things on the radio, and because I've known you—I'm not really blind any more."

Because she couldn't say that, she said, "I hope you don't have to go away before Sunday."

But on Friday Mr. Jenkins was late, and when he came, he told her he was leaving. "Been getting my severance pay," he explained, "I got fired."

He laughed. "I hated the job pretty bad and haven't been doing it right lately."

Alice couldn't see why he laughed. It was all very sad, and she walked slowly up the stairs without recounting to herself what everyone was eating that night. Tears fell, and she felt vacant inside because there wasn't going to be any more Mr. Jenkins.

Papa was already at the dinner table. Papa said they'd picked up a few suspects on the robbery. He riffled through the paper and said there wasn't much about it there any more. They'd brought in a New York man to work on the case. Papa saw him.

"Too bad," he said, "but I'll bet they never get their hands on that sixty thousand bucks again. Or the lousy murderer."

Papa said, "We let our murderers out on parole too many times." Then he commented on the war. He told her what he'd do if he were President Truman.

She told him Mr. Jenkins wasn't coming by any more. Papa said Jenkins sure



April, 1952

looked funny when the foreman came over and jerked his work off the bench. He said Jenkins and the foreman had some hot words, and Jenkins said he didn't give a hang if they fired him. This wasn't the kind of job he wanted, anyhow.

"That Jenkins ain't up to much," Papa said.

upstairs to Mamma. Mamma said, "No. It's not from Mr. Jenkins." Alice's heart stopped beating for a second. In all the months he'd been gone; she'd waited every day for him to write.

"It's a letter from the County Hospital," Mamma said. Alice heard the paper rip as nervous fingers opened the letter. Mamma started to cry.

food rolled by toward the wards, dishes clinked against trays. Hallway sounds were easily identifiable—visiting-hour heel clicks, the soft tread of rubber-soleshoed nurses.

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Smells were different, too. Antiseptic smells, medicinal smells. The acrid odor of ether permeating the corridors.

She wondered if it looked different. Mamma said everyone was dressed in white. What did white look like? Halfawed, she thought that she, too, would soon be able to see all of this.

She would be able to see a smile. Smiles were funny. She thought of the smiles she had felt, and how Mr. Jenkins made her practice over and over again a smile that would look natural. "I wonder what natural looks like," she thought, as if it were an animate thing.

HER enthusiasm faded into fear. How would all of this feel? Feeling was something she was so very used to. The time she asked Mr. Jenkins, he said he thought it hurt a little. She'd tried to ask the doctor about it, but he told her she mustn't worry about what came between, that she must think only of what it would be like to see, when she had never seen anything in all her eleven years.

She would get to see Mamma and Papa. Mamma said they were lucky to get her into the free clinic. The free clinic because they were poor. Will I be able to tell rich from poor when I've never seen either one?

Won't Mr. Jenkins be surprised, after he writes me and lets me know where he is, and I write him and tell him I can see? Maybe he'll even make a trip here, so I can see him.

She wished Mamma and Papa were coming to the hospital before the operation, but the doctor said he didn't want that much excitement. She whisked her feet back and forth in the bed trying to find a comfortable place.

I wonder if print looks the same way it feels—or will I forget how it feels once I can see? Mr. Jenkins had laughed the day she told him that thought. He said she'd be the only person around that could read both in the light and the dark.

Pretty soon it would be all over, and in a few days they would remove the bandages. The doctor said sometimes the operation failed. She had to understand that—but all indications were that it would be successful.

She asked did he know whose eyes she would have, and he said that was the last thing on earth she ought to worry about. Why worry?



"They found him on the floor, with money spilled all over him"

Alice said, "That's not so, Papa. He's my friend. My very best friend."

Papa said that as far as he was concerned, he'd just as soon she didn't have friends like Jenkins.

She still sat outside every day, reading. Mr. Jenkins had said that reading was very important. Once he had thought maybe if he got reading things like Shakespeare and Browning it'd help him. It didn't. That wasn't the kind of education he needed, he said. His voice had sounded bitter and hurt that day.

He said there were a lot of things he wanted out of life, and being a mechanic on a production line wasn't ever going to get them for him.

Then he'd kind of laughed, and said, "I'm greedy, aren't I, Kitten? All you'd like to have would be a chance to see. I shouldn't be talking about how rough life is for me. But you see, it's all in your viewpoint."

The postman stopped and said, "Looks like there's a letter for you to-day, young lady."

With hands trembling she carried it

Alice said, "What is it? What is it, Mamma, that's so sad?"

Mamma sniffled and said it wasn't sad, and that was why she was crying. Mamma said, "Do you remember Dr. Harper said he thought your eyes might be all right, if we could get . . ."

"Corneas," Alice said, quickly. "Yes, Mamma. I remember."

She didn't really remember much about what Dr. Harper had said. She remembered how excited she had been, and how she had told Mr. Jenkins all about it, and they talked about maybe sometime there would be some for her.

"All you have to have is patience. Not very many people want to have themselves cut up after they're dead," Mr. Jenkins had said. "What's the difference, after you're dead, anyhow?" he asked

Mamma stopped crying. "In about a week, they'll have eyes for you, and they want you to come in this week so they can see what kind of condition you're in. We'll go tomorrow morning."

Sounds in a hospital room were different from sounds other places. As the JEAN FISCHER, San Francisco housewife, began her writing career in 1944. This is her first appearance in the pages of THE SIGN. As the door opened, she moved. Even before she spoke, Alice could tell it was the nurse. Nurses had sounds, doctors had sounds, everybody had sounds.

"No breakfast for you this morning,"

the voice said, cheerily.

Alice tried to be just as cheerful. "I know. Doctor Harper told me last

night, just before he left."

Food at the hospital was almost as good as Mamma's, only more fun, because they let you eat it in bed. "Will I want to eat tonight?"

"I don't see why not," said the nurse. She pulled the sheets and the bed felt

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"Now you turn over," she said, "I'm going to poke a needle in you."

"Will it hurt?" Alice asked.

"Maybe. But if it does, it won't hurt long." The voice was full of steady cheerfulness.

"What does that do?" Alice wanted to know when it was over.

"Makes you sleepy," the nurse said. Something clinked, and the nurse's footsteps padded around the room.

"But I just woke up a little while

.

THE nurse's laugh came from somewhere near the door. "Well, it makes it easier in surgery, too."

Surgery. Alice's nerves tingled. The palms of her hands were wet. Why must she be so afraid when seeing was so important? Forget the between and concentrate on later.

The medicine the nurse had poked her with was working. A warm coziness descended on her. It dulled her hearing so that until he stood by her bed, she did not know the doctor had entered the room.

"How are we this morning?" Dr. Harper asked. Mr. Jenkins had told her Dr. Harper was the best eye surgeon in the whole city. Maybe the whole world.

"Feel funny," she said, trying to smile, but her lips felt thick. "I'm scared."

An unfamiliar commotion reached her cars—the squeaky sound of rubber against the floor. Two male voices told her to help them get her on a trolley that would carry her to the operating room.

After a long trip in what seemed an aimless direction, she was moved to another bed. Someone who didn't say anything grasped her head firmly. That was followed by pressure to the sides of her face.

Now fear ingrained itself. She wanted to cry out against all the strange things that were happening. Seeing didn't seem very important. Even Mr. Jenkins said that what you saw wasn't always worth seeing.

Something icy touched her eyes. After

that they began to feel very funny. When she tried to move them, she discovered she couldn't feel whether she moved them.

She sobbed. An authoritative voice told her she must relax. The doctor said something, but she didn't listen to his words. She wriggled in the straps and tried not to hear when they told her she must be very quiet.

The doctor's voice was soft. "I guess we'd better use ether. She seems to be

extraordinarily nervous."

Something closed over her nose and mouth. As it pressed against her face, she thought it smelled like a room that has been closed a long time. Another smell followed it.

Feeling dizzy, she tried to rise against it. The doctor's hand was on her shoulder. "Count to ten; breathe deeply,

it will be over sooner."

She counted. At five a roar filled her ears, all her conscious thoughts went spinning. The table lifted off the floor and floated into space. . . .

Where am I? She reached up and touched her bandages. Now I remember. My eyes, they sting a little, but they don't hurt very bad. I must remember to tell Mr. Jenkins it didn't

hurt very bad. Not like I thought.

That sounds like Mamma and Papa, but they sound so far off. She tried for a moment to listen.

"You're wrong, Papa, very wrong. She ought to get to know about it just as soon as she's well enough for us to tell her."

"It's no good telling her. He wasn't up to much. I didn't even read her what was in the paper. I thought it was better to let her think he went away. I don't like the thought of my little girl . . ."

"What's the difference?" Mamma said. "She ought to know; she liked him."

What's the difference about what? Why are they always arguing? They ought to be worrying about me. Instead, they're arguing.

"How do you know the world won't look to her just like he saw it?" Papa

said.

"The doctor knows." Mamma's voice was so gentle whenever she argued with Papa, and now Alice could scarcely hear her.

What did the doctor know? He was a good doctor. Didn't hurt me at all. I'm hungry-sort of. The nurse said I'd

(Continued on page 78)



She didn't really remember much about what Dr. Harper had said

Radio and TELEVISION

'52's Biggest Show

In July of this year, there will be more human eyes and ears concentrated on one geographical spot than has ever been the case before in the history of the world. The spot will be Chicago, Illinois, and the occasions, the national conventions of our two major political parties.

The 1952 national political conventions will reach the largest viewing audience in television history, approximately 56,000,000 Americans. Let's take a look at some comparative figures. In 1948, the last convention year, there were only nine interconnected television markets. Now there are fifty-two. In 1948, there were 403,000 television homes. Now there are 17,300,000.

Here is the story of how one television network, CBS-TV, is preparing for the Big Events. Both conventions will be held in the same place, the International Amphitheatre on the South Side of Chicago. The Republican convention will begin on July 7 and the Democratic convention on July 21. In the 7,500 square feet of Amphitheatre floor space allocated to the CBS network by the Convention Committee, two special air-conditioned studios will be constructed for interviews and for special programs that will blend with direct pickups from the convention floor.

Before you are staggered by the costs represented by the preparations listed above and below, let us hasten to say that the bills for the CBS telecasts of the conventions will be footed by Westinghouse. This means, of course, that you will get refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, and washing machines with your presidential candidates, but it's very probable that the appliances will outlast the office-seekers, so who can complain? In addition, Westinghouse is doing another good public service job by sponsoring a thirteen-week "Get Out the Vote" series in the time between the conventions and the election, as well

as election returns on the night of November 4.

Well, to go on with the story of what it takes to get ready to telecast the 1952 political conventions, CBS will construct in the International Amphitheatre a 40 x 15 room for scenery and artists, an air-conditioned control room, television production offices, a television newsroom, facilities for writers, lounges, reception rooms, teletype rooms, mimeograph rooms, a telephone room with switchboards, and other rooms to house special equipment.

In addition to the CBS-TV facilities within the Amphitheatre, suites at the Conrad Hilton Hotel (formerly the Stevens) will be transformed into CBS studios and office space.

To man all of these facilities and provide what promises to be the most intensive kind of coverage of any single news event, CBS will bring more than 100 specialists to Chicago to handle programming and production. Included in the personnel will be reporters, writers, editors, newsreel cameramen, artists, film librarians, lighting technicians, and set designers, all of whom will implement the work of the political broadcasters and analysts. These will include Edward R. Murrow, Robert Trout, Douglas Edwards, Charles Collingswood, and other members of the CBS-TV news staff.

For actual convention floor coverage, CBS-TV will use eight cameras, six of which will be working constantly during the conventions. The other two will be set up for emergency use. These eight cameras will require almost two miles of co-axial cable within the amphitheatre itself, one-half mile of camera cable and another mile of shielded wire. These cameras alone will require the services of about fifty technicians plus three ten-man camera crews. At least five CBS-TV directors will be on duty all the time.

The bare physical need for covering the conventions require more than four

tons of equipment valued at more than \$300,000. Practically all of this equipment will be moved by truck from New York to Chicago as soon as the construction work at both the International Amphitheatre and the Conrad Hilton Hotel is completed. R. G. Thompson, CBS-TV Director of Technical Operations, will be in charge of the technical staff. The general arrangements for CBS coverage of the conventions will be supervised by Sig Mickelson, Director of News and Public Affairs.

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With 56,000,000 pairs of eyes and ears ready to see and hear the national political conventions in July, television will take its place as the number-one tool of the democratic process.

Do You Agree?

The giving of awards in the fields of radio and television is beginning to assume the proportions of a major American industry. Here are some of the most recent awards. If you had been on the judging committees, would you have agreed?

The Christopher Awards: Annual awards, given for the first time by the Christophers, for "an outstanding tele-vision production" and "a highly acclaimed radio presentation," went to the NBC Television Opera Theatre for its presentation of Amahl and the Night Visitors by Gian-Carlo Menotti and to a Cavalcade of America radio program, The Path of Praise, a drama about the founding of the Thanksgiving holiday. Father James Keller, founder and director of The Christophers, announced that the awards were given for works "of enduring spiritual significance" and that they are offered "to focus attention on the creative power resting in the hands of writers, directors, and producers and to encourage that power to be used, under God, for good to all and harm to none." Christopher awards were also given to outstanding motion pictures, books, newspaper stories, and magazine pieces.

The National Conference of Christians and Jews gave its annual radio award to Life With Luigi, a CBS Radio Network series portraying the life of a postwar Italian immigrant in the United States. The award was given "for outstanding contributions during the past year to mutual understanding and respect" among American religious, racial, and national groups.

The Freedoms Foundation named Cavalcade of America as being in its estimation the best radio program for 1951. The program was cited for best exemplifying the credo of the Foundation which defines the American way of

life as "an indivisible bundle of economic and political freedoms set forth in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights". Honor medal awards also went to The Truth About Narcotics, a special NBC documentary broadcast, and to The People Act, the 1951 series by that title, produced in co-operation with the Twentieth Century Fund. Among the television awards given by the Foundation, two well-known series were honored-American Inventory, an experimental adult education series produced weekly in co-operation with the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation and Meet the Press, a weekly press-conference.

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The Academy of Television Arts and Sciences made its fourth annual awards: to Sid Caesar as "best television actor;" to Imogene Coca as "best television actress;" to Your Show of Shows, of which they are the stars, as "best variety show;" to Red Skelton as "best comedian," and to The Red Skelton Show as "best comedy show." In addition, Jack Burrell of NBC's Hollywood TV station, KNBH, received a special award for his development of the "walkie-pushie," a portable TV camera which operates without wire or cable connections.

The National Association for Better Radio and Television, which started as a Southern California organization and has now become nation-wide, has cited the CBS weekly news feature, See it Now, as the television "program of the year." This is the Sunday afternoon television news summary of the week, featuring Edward R. Murrow. Among NAFBRAT's other selections for first place awards were Studio One for drama, I Love Lucy for comedy, The Fred Waring Show for music, and the CBS United Nations broadcasts, for public service.

Shortly after you read these lines, two of the most distinguished sets of awards in the fields of radio and television will be announced, those given by the Henry Grady School of Journalism of the University of Georgia, known as The Peabody Awards, and those given by The Institute for Education by Radio and Television of Ohio State University. Look for information about them in your local newspaper.

In spite of the plethora of awards now being given by many organizations, too many perhaps, there is some merit in them. They certainly serve to encourage the networks, the producers, the sponsors, and the writers to turn out productions on a better-than-average plane. And by and large, they serve as fairly good guides to more selective listening on the part of the public.

A spiritual thought for the month



The Comedies of God

by HENRY EDWARDS

PHILOSOPHERS call God the "First Cause." By this they mean that He is the maker, the driver, the support of all things which can influence the world or change the face of the current scene.

Nothing ever escapes His control. Yet His control is not cramped to the patterns that other masters use. He can be effective and pack His business with dramatic surprise.

One day in the spring of a bygone

year, He did this:

Three days before, He had allowed Himself to be killed. Not cleanly and honorably slain, as in a fair fight where either champion may fall, but overwhelmed—lied about, nominated as a blackguard, murdered in a way that took His physical life and crucified Him socially, too. His eyes, in going dead, recorded a sea of sneering faces. The last thing in His ear was the beat of mocking laughter.

His death seemed not a passing but a fixation. A fixation in shame and disgrace which engulfed Him and then overflowed on His friends, to turn their

world to ashes.

But on the morning of the third day, a girl He had befriended went to His tomb to fuss womanlike, in the hope of reviving some piece of her broken dream and easing the pain in her heart. The tomb was empty. Dazed and desperate, she ran to the caretaker of the place: "Sir, if thou hast removed Him, tell me where thou hast laid Him and I will take Him away." With the voice and look of Him who had died, He said to her: "Mary." And she, recognizing Him, could only fall on her knees and exclaim: "Master."

Here was He—tagged by the sages with that cold, gray name, "First Cause"—playing with the sharpest thrusts of human emotion and making a merciful drama. Allowing His enemies to kick His world to pieces and hurt His friends till they were dumb with grief. And then, with one quiet word, building a world that was better than before.

Mary, the reclaimed street walker, would have canceled none of her three days' dismay. It was so perfect a foil

for that brilliant moment of joy in the garden, when she spoke—as she thought—to a gardener and was answered by the risen Christ.

A few hours later, this same God of causes spread His net of pity in the way of two men who were walking home from Jerusalem, with the morning sun at their backs. They had been friends of His, too, and were carrying to Emmaus heavy hearts, having, like Mary, left a clutter of fractured hopes on Calvary.

They were talking of the debacle of the great dream they too had had of Jesus, a dream that made Him the Messias, the Redemption of Israel. A stranger joined them on the road, commented on their lack of cheer, and asked them what dreary topic had turned their minds to sadness. They told him.

When they finished, he spoke with spirit, in a way to give them the faint beginning of comfort. Granted, he said, that Jesus looked so weak and so easily overcome, wasn't that the way the Messias was supposed to appear? Briskly, he described the Redeemer as the Prophets drew Him, and the picture more and more fitted the sorry scene on Calvary. The stranger so engaged them with his account of things, that, on reaching Emmaus, they invited Him to dine with them. He did.

And, as He sat at table, He broke bread and released their eyes so they could identify Him as the one who had supped in a similar way with the disciples, the night before He died. Then He disappeared, leaving two poor men more than compensated for their hours of sorrow.

That is another drama. A true comedy, as moving as the first.

It shows—with other incidents of the resurrection—that the philosophers' hard, icy name for God, "First Cause," designates a kind, warmhearted master. One whose utter control of things is bent to the business of doing fine things for His friends. Even writing pretty plays for them, and casting them in the role of surprised stars.



The Cardinal speaking at inaugural ceremony

Cardinal Spellman showed archeologists
the wealth of ancient art which is
waiting to be discovered—

Under the Skin of Rome

th

by ADRIANO PRANDI

THE story of Rome is written in her monuments. One of the most engaging of these is the titular basilica of His Eminence, Cardinal Spellman—the Basilica of Sts. John and Paul.

The Cardinal was made titular of the basilica in succession to His Holiness Pope Pius XII. Suspecting that its drab façade covered a wealth of archeological and architectural interest, His Eminence arranged for the restoration of the basilica and the monastery attached to it. The work has enabled us to retrace step by step the history of an ancient Christian temple.

Its present appearance is misleading, the baroque style suggesting that it was built in the sixteenth or seventeenth century. Restorations, however, leave no doubt that the actual shell of the basilica was erected between 390 and 410 A.D. over the house of the martyrs, Sts. John and Paul.

At the start of the restoration work in 1949, the exterior of the basilica contrasted sharply with the sumptuous interior. The façade, covered over with a cheap coat of plaster, was plain and unimpressive. Almost immediately, however, a white marble column, which had

been immured for centuries, was brought to light. Soon another column appeared. And before long, the whole extraordinary façade of Pammachius was laid bare more or less as it was in the fourth century when the church was built. It is a remarkable structure with five arches perched above five similar but larger arches below.

This important discovery has made archeologists revise their theories about the form of the earliest Christian basilicas in Rome.

The piazza of Sts. John and Paul has always been attractive. It is a typical



Basilica of Sts. John and Paul-before restoration



After centuries of plaster patchwork had been removed

Roman square with an old-world charm, remote from the bustle and noise of the city and tucked away between imperial ruins and a medieval villa—a suitable spot for the Mother-House of the children of that great lover of solitude and silence, Saint Paul of the Cross. As a result of the restorations, the charm of this fascinating piazza has been augmented almost beyond belief. High government and civic officials who came for the inauguration were startled and thrilled at the transformation.

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A beautiful bell tower, 58 feet high, dominates the piazza. For several centuries it had been obscured and almost imprisoned by clinging buildings alongside, and many of its arches had been bricked up. Now it stands out majestic and unobscured, its arches open again to the light and air, able to transmit the music of the bells without interference.

Sufficient traces have been left to show that in medieval times the walls of the monastery and all of the bell tower were painted with red and white stripes. The whole piazza must have presented a feast of color which the precious red porphyry, green serpentine marbles, and brilliant potteries of the bell tower set off like inlaid gems.

Around the bell tower – which is erected on a huge wall of travertine stone of pre-Christian origin – are grouped the monastic buildings. The restorations leave no doubt that the old monastery was built at three different periods—the oldest wing in the eleventh century, and probably over the hospice founded by St. Pammachius for the clergy and laity. The campanile was built in the twelfth century, and a century later another wing was added to

join the campanile to a tenth century house. This wing served as the home of the titular cardinal of the basilica. The wing of the monastery which faces the basilica was probably added around this time and the whole building raised a story. In spite of all this piecemeal construction, the result is harmonious and beautiful.

All these walls are massive and bastion like. The bricks used in their construction were taken from ancient, tumble-down Roman buildings. The earlier architecture is as light and gay as the later is heavy and severe.

Stretching away toward the city, behind the bell tower, is a majestic and massive portico which was built by Claudius, destroyed by Nero, and restored by Vespasion. Beside this magnificent structure ran a street which led from the Temple of Claudius to the Colosseum. This portico, formed by a series of massive arches with great key stones, silently reveals the skill of the builders of ancient Rome. Erected not long after the time of Christ, these amazing arches still support an immense monastery.

Underneath the portico just described, was discovered still another. This magnificent monument is like a prodigal brother of the Colosseum—having been lost and now found.

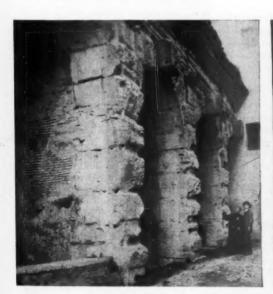
The huge monastery wing which rests on the Roman portico has an interest of its own. It had been considered a fairly modern building of the seventeenth or eighteenth century. But when the plaster was stripped off the walls it was revealed as a medieval building of the latter part of the twelfth century. Several old Gothic windows were also brought to light, showing that the

medieval Roman builders both knew and appreciated the delicate tracery of the Gothic.

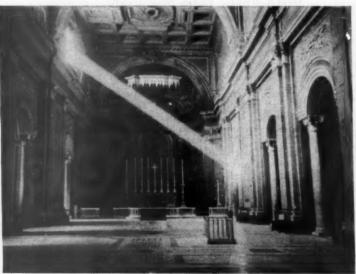
On showing signs of collapse early in the thirteenth century, the wing was buttressed by two colossal brick arches, which are contemporaries of those alongside the basilica on the Clivo di Scauro. These two arches tower above Vespatian's portico—not outstandingly beautiful, but certainly magnificent examples of the skill and daring of medieval Roman builders.

THE restorers had to call on all their ingenuity to preserve intact the cell in which St. Paul of the Cross died, without holding up the general work of restoration. But now all parts of this complicated structure join together in telling us the complete history of the building from the time of Sts. John and Paul and Pammachius, in the fourth century, down through the Middle Ages to the day when St. Paul of the Cross went to heaven from the little cell beside the base of the bell tower.

When the work of restoration was completed, His Eminence, Cardinal Spellman, in an inaugural address, presented the monument to the City of Rome and the world. The Mayor of Rome expressed his thanks and appreciation. This restoration, the most important and fruitful undertaken in Rome in recent years, adds another chapter to the fascinating history of much-storied Rome. It has set the experts thinking. And it has given back to the Eternal City the ancient splendor of a beautiful building, which had been buried under an unimaginative crust of modern plaster.



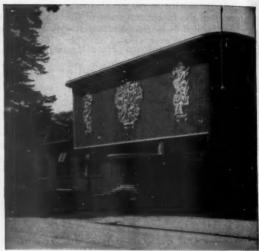
First century portico of Claudius Germanicus



Beautiful interior-now in harmony with restored facade



Father Lambert Perquin, O.P., delivering his sermon on the Rosary during the first transmission in 1925



Impressive entrance to the ultramodern buildings of KRO, founded by Fr. Perquin

Pioneer Priest in Radio

In 1923 the primitive crystal "wireless set" of a Dutch Dominican priest inspired the world's first Catholic radio broadcasting system

by JOSEPH L. WAYNE

IN 1923, a Dutch priest, Father Lambert Henricus Perquin, O. P., received a radio crystal set as a gift from an appreciative parishioner. Possibly you remember those 1923 crystal sets. They were ugly and not at all efficient, but today's modern, streamlined sets—and those twenty-inch television receivers too—are their lineal descendants. Father Perquin's particular set was the ancestor of the world's first Catholic broadcasting system.

Today, in whatever country of Europe you spin your radio dial (even deep behind the Iron Curtain) you can hear a cheerful announcer say: "Hier Hilversum—de KRO," which he immediately

repeats in your own language—"This is Hilversum—the Catholic Broadcasting Company." And then you hear a delightful and varied program, given in your own language whether it be English, French, Polish, Czech, or one of a half dozen others. It is a program well balanced between music, drama, entertainment, information, and sound, honest religious guidance.

My introduction to this fascinating and unique radio service was in Ireland. I missed the preliminary announcement and, until the station break an hour later, imagined I was listening to a leading Irish station. The brogue and the lilt were there in a charming

program of wholesome Irish entertainment. The Dutch Catholic Broadcasting Company, I learned, spares no trouble or expense to make its foreign broadcasts authentic and appealing to its far-flung audiences.

These sensible and stimulating programs for all the family can be heard in Asia, Africa, and the Americas too, by short-wave transmission. They bring a message of hope and faith to listeners in every part of the world. And it all started from that primitive 1923 crystal receiver.

Father Perquin was a busy man the day he unwrapped his gift. Besides serving as pastor of one of Amsterdam's largest parishes, he was editor of a famous theological weekly and a much-sought lecturer whose talks had brought many a skeptic into the Faith. He had only a few moments in his busy day to play with his crystal receiver and he idly tuned it to the one existing Dutch radio transmitter, a weak station operated irregularly by an electrical manufacturing firm. Father Perquin heard a few quavering violin notes and then his set went dead—but not his thoughts.

Later he explained it this way: "I didn't know anything about radio then but the immense possibilities of this little apparatus fascinated me from the start." His quick mind foresaw the day when radio would be improved and every family in the civilized world would own a more powerful and reliable set. And he wondered what would happen to these families and to their religious heritage if they were subjected to a perpetual barrage of mediocre and even morally harmful broadcasts from a deluge of powerful transmitters.



Control room scene during a broadcast at the Katholieke Radio Omroep studios at Hilversum



Father Cors, O.P., Father Perquin's successor, chats with Paul A. M. Speet, General Manager

Then and there he decided to take a hand in the infant radio industry and help to establish it on a high moral and ethical plane. Above all Father Perquin, then in his fifty-eighth year, was a man of vigorous action. To him, to think was to act. He called a meeting of Catholic men and women, known for their public-spiritedness and ability to absorb new ideas, and put his plans before them.

"Broadcasting will be the perfection of our apostolate," he told the group. "What is written by Catholics is not always read by non-Catholics. But by means of broadcasting we can reach everyone."

Under Father Perquin's influence, the meeting enthusiastically decided to enter the radio field. Their first step was to organize a Dutch Catholic radio co-operative. This was financed by contributions, large and small, from the faithful of Holland. The committee's efforts to raise the needed funds were spurred on by the news that Father Perquin's plans had leaked out to Holland's Socialists and they too were organizing a co-operative to put their programs on the air. Father Perquin, characteristically, did not wait for the fund campaign to begin. He converted a room in his parish-house into an office. borrowed twelve hundred guilders, hired a secretary, and got to work. He was determined that Holland's radio fans would have an established Catholic source of entertainment before the Socialists could enter the field. After all, 38 per cent of the Dutch are members of the Faith despite the centuries of persecution which came to an end only recently.

Father Perquin and his gallant band won out. It was Rosary Sunday in October of 1925 when the first Catholic program—a High Mass from Father Perquin's own parish church of Saint Dominicus, followed by the good Father's own sermon on the Rosary—went on the air.

But Father Perquin, while elated, was by no means satisfied. In the beginning the Gatholic radio station merely rented an evening a week's transmission facilities from the already existing commercial station. Father Perquin wanted a full-time Catholic transmitter. He wanted the best programs and artists; he wanted a well-equipped studio for his brain child.

ODAY the Catholic stations at Hil-I versum are known throughout the world for excellent programs and technical efficiency. The finest artists in the world of music and drama appear before their microphones. World-renowned statesmen and scholars use their microphones to deliver their talks. Nor does Hilversum confine its search for talent to Holland. It draws upon the leading radio personalities of all of Western Europe and America too. And it puts them on the air with a quiet efficiency which is envied and admired throughout the radio world.

Of course it took time to develop these techniques. But before Father Perquin's sudden death on August 4, 1938, every one of his dreams came true. He didn't just dream idly but took advantage of every opportunity to preach and work for his idea. One of these opportunities was a weekly magazine, the Catholic Radio Times, which

he started in 1925. Today, with a circulation of 310,000, it is the largest radio publication in the Netherlands.

In early days the whole setup was primitive. Mr. Paul A. M. Speet was the company's only employee in 1925. He was engineer, announcer, and Father Perquin's secretary as well. Today Mr. Speet is general manager of the company and the friendly head of its many hundreds of employees. And, to this day, every cent which the company spends is raised by the voluntary, good will contributions of its pleased listeners, or comes from the profits of its magazine.

Others too picked up the thread of Father Perquin's idea. As a result, Holland's radio system is neither privately owned, as in the United States, nor a government monopoly as it is in most of the rest of the world. Any legitimate cooperative organization in Holland may own and operate its own transmitter, provided its programs meet the Dutch government's standards of decency. Today there are four big organizations in the field: the Liberal Political Party, the Socialists, the Protestants, and Father Perquin's Catholic co-operative, and some smaller ones as well. But Father Perquin's organization is far and away the leader of them all, with the largest audience and the highest-rated programs. Like all other Dutch transmitters, it was forced to go off the air when the Nazis invaded the country in 1940. But it came back stronger than ever after the war and today it is pioneering in the introduction of television to Holland.

This achievement did not come in a (Continued on page 75)

Moman to Moman

by KATHERINE BURTON

My Favorite Shrines

ON A RECENT television program, the eager interrogator wanted to know the three favorite movies, sports, and foods of a harried questionee. Never mind the answers, which were nothing unusual. But later I was building questions on this idea of three favorites, and I asked myself what would be my three favorite shrines, not the great and famous but small and intimate ones. I found it easy to answer.

First I would list the stations of the cross at the Mother-house of the Maryknoll Sisters at Ossining, New York. On one side of the building is a grassy space. They call it the Garden of Beatitude. Encircling it on two sides are the stations, made of a natural oak, and at the seventh station

there is a large crucific, also of oak.

Designed by a Maryknoller, Sister Marie Pierre, who has made many lovely pieces of statuary, the stations carry the one symbol—the hands of Our Lord. In the first there are His hands tied with a cord and in the background the hands of Pilate as he washes them. The second station shows hands reaching for a cross; in the third the hands are on the cross. In the fourth are His hands and the smaller ones of Our Lady. Simon's hands are on the cross with Our Lord's in the fifth, and in the next the hands are 'holding Veronica's cloth. The eighth has one hand b'essing the outstretched hands of the women of Jerusalem. And so it goes for thirteen stations. In the last there are no hands, only the form of a tomb. In the other stations there is a sort of halo over Our Lord's hands; in the last there is only the halo close over the tomb where He is buried.

I have seen fine representations of the stations of the cross, but I have never seen any which expressed the call to prayer more clearly than these, standing in the green outdoors, each with its small penthouse protection. In the garden at Maryknoll I saw for the first time that the stations are a pilgrimage. I realized how much of Our Lord's days of ministry was pilgrimage. He was outdoors a great deal, walking and preaching, by the water or in the meadows. In this green place, and seeing His hands depicted on the stations, one has a sense of His nearness, His peace that is not

the world's peace.

Chapel of St. Francis

THE SECOND SHRINE is in Washington, D. C. When I go to the nation's capital, there is one place I like to go first of all—the little chapel of Saint Francis of Assisi in St. Matthew's Cathedral. One can easily miss it, for it is very near the main doors, an unassuming place. It has only about eight prayer chairs and a small altar. The three frescoes dominate the room. Over the altar are Saint Francis and Saint Clare together at the foot of the cross. The latter is spare and dour, but there is a tender asceticism in her face. In his is a vivid readiness and happiness to be enrolled in the holy company of the poor. The other wall has the receiving of the Stigmata, a picture of rock wall and of Francis with his hands outstretched in prayer while straight white rays from a dun-colored sky touch them. It is all so bare and so plain, so truly a giving up of body and soul to

God, that words are too ordinary for its spiritual scope. But prayers prayed in that small chapel must surely have something of Saint Francis' spirit.

My third shrine is in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York City, the chapel of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, one of the side altars and very near to the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. It is not large, perhaps twenty by thirty feet, all of white marble, except for some gold panels at the back, and the general effect is one of delicate, almost lacelike charm. At the base of the statue is cut the phrase for which the Saint is so well known: "I shall spend my Heaven doing good on earth"

The whole altar gives the effect of innocence and youth, but it is the statue itself which holds me before the little shrine. For this is a real Thérèse as she should be depicted, not in black and brown with bright roses and a face that might be anybody's face—which is unfortunately how so many religious statues look. She stands very white and very slim. She is like a shaft, and it is as if, though her feet rest on earth, she strains always toward Heaven; that of course is exactly what she is doing. She is uniting Heaven and earth in one straining heart and one yearning body.

Two Things in Common

THESE ARE MY THREE favorite shrines, and though they are very different they all have two things in common. They are artistically right, which of course all statues and shrines should be, and they all deal with love. The first shows the direct love of God for man. It is in the hands that show the suffering, the blessing, the willingness to suffer, the love of Our Lord for the world. And it is there in the indirect love of a Francis and a Thérèse for God and man. I like the way the three span the centuries, the first commemorating the death which began our era, the second a medieval saint, the third a modern saint. Love, the shrines seem to say, spans the whole world, and all our Christian era.

There is no reason for pessimism when one considers the number of men and women, lay and religious, who follow the example of Our Lord and the saints, who are working to spread His love on earth. Only last week I went to a great institution for children on Staten Island, and in the house where the very little children live we were greeted by happy noise. The children ran to us, freely and happily. No one was afraid, no one was repressed. And the reason was that they know they are loved, that they live in a home founded by love and where love comes first. Their food is good and so are their beds and they have bows on their hair and pretty little dresses. But chiefly the children are secure and happy because they know, even though they would not be able to put it into words, that they are loved by those who care for them.

The shrines of which I have been speaking are representations of Our Lord's journey to death and of two saints. But their application is here, in such a home as this, in homes founded by unselfish love that "seeketh not itself to please." And while we have these we need not despair, for it will always be true that where love for mankind has its

base in love for God the edifice will be firm.



Reviews in Brief

JERRY COTTER

THE BELLE OF NEW YORK offers Fred Astaire teamed with Vera-Ellen in an infectious bit of Technicolor nostalgia. Though the story is flimsy and cut from a stock pattern, the sprightly Astaire personality and inimitable dancing capers give it a high entertainment rating for the family. The musical sequences are highlighted by a stunning Currier and Ives number, though every one of the Astaire-Ellen routines is enjoyable. Marjorie Main and Keenan Wynn are on hand for humor, but this is primarily a dancing affair. (M-G-M)

International intrigue with a World War II background is developed with a surprising combination of satire, suspense, and wit in FIVE FINGERS. Based on the actual

"Operation Cicero" which almost cost the Allies their Turkish listening post, the scenario moves along at a smooth clip with sparkling dialogue, expert performing by James Mason and Walter Hampden, plus the natural excitements of a cloak-and-dagger narrative. This is outstanding family fare. (20th Century-Fox)

Mild bucolic humor and a rollicking bumpkin performance by Alan Young cannot save AARON SLICK FROM PUN-KIN CRICK. Intended as a sly caper, it turns into heavyhanded burlesque that never makes the grade. Nor do Dinah Shore and Robert Merrill impress as the proverbial country lass and city slicker. They prove again that good singers often are bad actors. This is a bumpy and tiresome hayride. (Paramount)

The producers of THE WILD NORTH hoped that it would do for the Arctic what King Solomon's Mines did for Africa. Unfortunately the northland holds neither the mystery nor the beauty of the Dark Continent. While the photography here is splendid and there is some excitement in the trek of a Canadian Mountie and his prisoner, this doesn't make the grade. Stewart Granger and Wendell Corey are virile co-stars in this deep-freeze adventure tale for the grownups. (MGM)

Loretta Young's sympathetic and deft portrayal lifts PAULA well above the ordinary limits of its sentimental scripting. In many respects this is merely a carbon of radio's midday emotional binges. However, the writers exhibit some originality in developing a theme swathed in psychiatric ribbons. The therapeutic devices used in rehabilitating a boy deprived of his speech provide most of the film's fascinating moments. Tommy Rettig is excellent as the child while Kent Smith and Alexander Knox make their supporting roles important. (Columbia)

The War of 1812 supplies the background, if not the historical accuracy, for MUTINY, a sea chanty that is strong on action and long on intrigue. If we are to believe the scriptwriters, a group of American patriots attempt to bring in \$10,000,000 in gold bullion from France. En route there is a mutiny, some romantic byplay, and the destruction of a British man-of-war by an early submarine. Mark Stevens, Angela Lansbury, and Patric Knowles carry on in the accepted melodramatic fashion in this family mixture of fact and fancy. (United Artists)

After the initial adjustment to Van Johnson in clerical garb, WHEN IN ROME settles down as an absorbing study of regeneration, with the Eternal City providing a fascinating background. The plot is concerned with the decision to be made by a young American priest on a Holy Year pilgrimage. Crossing the Atlantic, he shares a cabin with a rather strange character who leaves the ship in Italy, disguised in the priest's cassock. Father John then learns that his fellow passenger is an escaped convict. When they next meet the bogus priest is hiding out in a monastery. Events leading to the climax are made doubly interesting by the intelligent use of scenes taken in Rome during the Holy Year. The four major basilicas and authentic shots of St. Peter's add much to the film's realism. Johnson is unexpectedly sincere and winning as the young curate and Paul Douglas is splendid as the con, changed by his contact with religious life. It is his most convincing performance to date. Every member of the moviegoing family will profit by this heartwarming drama. (MGM)

STEEL TOWN is a lusty melodrama that is occasionally as vigorous as its backgrounds. Scenes of operations in the big mills vie with the three-cornered romance of Ann Sheridan, John Lund, and Howard Duff for top attention. It is familiar two-fisted fare for the adult audience. (Universal-International)

Flashing swords, swashbuckling adventure, and acrobatics à la Fairbanks mark the return of the Musketeers in AT SWORD'S POINT. Actually, it is the sons and daughters of D'Artagnan's band who set out to right the wrongs of medieval France. The improbable heroics of the film will annoy the captious, but will doubtless impress those adults who like their melodrama with a flourish. Maureen O'Hara's performance is accented by her skill with the rapier, and Cornel Wilde makes an agile second-generation D'Artagnan. (RKO-Radio)

American Tragedy

The intellectual confusion and spiritual void which have proved such fertile breeding ground for treason are forcefully illuminated in Leo McCarey's latest production, MY SON JOHN. The film's sincere, straightforward approach



★ Loretta Young and Tommy Rettig, the eight-yearold her car accidentally runs down in "Paula"



★ Van Johnson and Paul Douglas meet on shipboard as they head for a holiday in "When in Rome"

is its best recommendation. The lack of hysteria and pyrotechnics drives home the tragedy in stark terms.

Simply and honestly this Myles Connolly-Leo McCarey story centers on an average American family of father, mother, and three sons. Two of the boys are in service, heading for Korea as the film opens. The third, John, has a government post in Washington. He had been sent through college at great financial sacrifice to his school-teacher father. Later, he develops an intellectual arrogance and pro-Communist attitude that infuriates his father and worries his mother.

The situation develops along lines familiar to every newspaper reader. John is deeply involved in the Communist conspiracy. When implicated directly in a spy plot, his mother discovers the truth and begs him to confess. He refuses and, in desperation, seeks a way out, but it is too



★ Cornel Wilde is a second-generation D'Artagnan in "At Sword's Point," melodrama of medieval France



★ Helen Hayes is the mother of a suspected traitor and Van Heflin is an FBI agent in "My Son, John"

late for his salvation. The FBI, which has been on his trail, and his own fellow conspirators write the final chapter of John's story.

As a postscript, his recorded confession and warning is read to the graduating class of his Alma Mater. It underscores in pertinent, cogent terms the pitfalls facing youth and urges them to hold fast to spiritual faith and to honor. Where there is intellectual dishonesty and moral disintegration, it implies, the road to treason is relatively smooth.

Making her first screen appearance in sixteen years, Helen Hayes contributes a sympathetic and carefully modulated interpretation of a distraught mother. The sincerity and realism she imparts to the film are among its noteworthy features. Robert Walker's performance as the son is equally good, and there are splendid co-starring portrayals by Van Heflin and Dean Jagger.

While the film's technical effects rate applause, the really important feature involved is the timely accent it places on the greatest danger our country faces today. We can cope with the Ivans and their satellites, but we have a serious problem in dealing with our own Johns, Judiths, and Algers, whose warped conceptions and false allegiances pose a continuing major threat.

The New Plays

S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a Somerset Maugham story is typical of its genre and hardly satisfying enough to merit the attention of a discriminating audience. JANE has its engaging moments—mostly when Edna Best is onstage as a wealthy but dowdy, widow who sets the London social whirl awry. In the process she marries a wastrel much younger than she, disconcerts friend and foe with her frankness, dispatches her young husband with finality, and pounces on one of her own generation as victim #3. Whatever slight merit there is in this bit of drawing room amorality stems from the excellent work of Miss Best, Basil Rathbone, Howard St. John, and the clever staging of Cyril Ritchard. But in the final analysis, this is a gossamer, shallow, and incredible affair. It isn't much of a comedy despite all that its players and director try to do for it.

On the other hand we have an example of what can be accomplished when a fine cast is given a polished script to interpret. MRS. McTHING, a fantasy prepared by Mary Chase, author of Harvey, is an imaginative, unusual, and thoroughly delightful bit of playwriting that is made even more effective through the magic playacting of Helen Hayes and a group of carefully selected conspirators. Produced by ANTA as an experiment, the play is one which defies any brief synopsis. It is shrewd satire, fine fantasy, and clever comedy rolled into one fascinating script. With the addition of another superb Hayes performance, the support of Brandon DeWilde (the child player in Member of the Wedding), and Jules Munshin, the production becomes a satisfying piece of whimsy that reaffirms your belief in the theater. As long as we have playwrights with the ability, the keen insight, and the humor of Mary Chase there is hope for the drama.

Christopher Fry is off on another rhetorical spree in VENUS OBSERVED, which is fantasy of another sort. This time he has added assets with the presence of Rex Harrison and Lilli Palmer in the principal parts. Fry is probably the most gifted of the modern wordsmiths and in this poetic piece in dramatic form he runs the gamut from genuine beauty to trite tedium. His characters are dull and even his adroit manipulation of the language cannot disguise that fact. There are times when the audience and the actors do not seem to grasp what target Fry is shooting at—and there is the uneasy suspicion that the author himself isn't too certain.

The action centers around an aging and rakish Duke who is seeking a wife among his former loves and has asked his son to do the selecting. The average observer, impressed by Christopher Fry's cascading phrases, can only wish that he had been a mite less pretentious in approaching such a banal plot idea. He owes that to his friends on both sides of the footlights. Venus has, in addition to the splendid performances of the Harrisons, expert support from Hurd Hatfield, Claudia Morgan, Eileen Peel, John Williams, and John Merivale. Laurence Olivier staged the current performance between his own appearances in the Shaw-Shakespeare revival. How he managed to combine the two is a nine-day wonder.

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Rookles

It's time for baseball again and our annual look at some of the rookies who are likely to make their weight felt in major league line-ups this coming season. Next month, as is our custom, we'll try to pick the order of finish in

the two major leagues.

In the rookie department, we'll start off with the champion New York Yankees. Highly touted as a potential infield star is James Brideweser, who looked very impressive at the Yanks 1950 spring training camp was with Binghamton of the Eastern League that season, and last year played 146 games for San Francisco, batting .283 and being the second-best fielding shortstop in the loop. He is a Southern California student and attends classes there in the off season. Six feet tall, he bats righthanded and is considered quite a prospect. With the Yankee infield situation apt to be altered momentarily by service calls, Brideweser has a good chance to stick.

Another Yankee prize is Archie Clifton Wilson, who spent a few weeks early in 1951 with San Francisco, batting .381 in nine games for the Seals and then going on to Buffalo, where he really had himself a time. Playing in 151 games, Archie batted .316, made the most hits (191), led in total bases (328), batted in the most runs (112), and walked off with the league's Most Valuable Player award. An outfielder with a fine throwing arm, he is meriting plenty of attention from the Yankee brass.

The Cleveland Indians have high hopes for pitcher Samuel Jones, a slim right-hander. Winning 16 while losing 13 for the San Diego Padres last season, Sad Sam was better than his record indicates, since he lost five games by a single run and was smacked soundly but once all season. His ERA was 2.76 and he led the Coast League in complete games with 21, tied for shutout honors with 5, and led the league in

strikeouts with 346. He also gave the most walks (175).

The Boston Red Sox expect a lot from outfielder James Piersall, a personable and talkative youngster who made a fine impression at Sarasota last spring, played in 17 games for Louisville, batting .310, and then going to Birmingham of the Southern League. Called "the man of a few thousand words" because of his loquaciousness ... he did a lot of talking with his bat for the Bārons, hitting a lusty .346 in 121 games. Dom DiMaggio, who doesn't



Jim Brideweser

talk much himself, said of Jim last spring, "I never saw a rookie come up who could do so many things." The Sox front office thinks a lot of the youngster.

They also think a lot of pitcher James Curtis Atkins, a big right-hander who had his first trial a year ago with the Sox. In 1951 he won 18 and lost 9 for Louisville. A strong pitcher, he'll probably make it if his control settles down.

Infielder Hector Rodriguez comes up to the Chicago White Sox with a coveted

tag, that of being the No. 1 rookie in the International League last year. The thirty-one-year-old Cuban played 153 games for Montreal, batting .302 and driving in 95 runs, third high total in the league. He's very fast and the White Sox board of strategy plans to use him at third base, leaving Orestes Minoso to roam the outfield. Rodriguez finished right behind Archie Wilson, the Yankee rookie, in the balloting for Most Valuable in the International.

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The Detroit Tigers outfield rebuilding plans bring into prominence Russell Guy Sullivan, who had a fine year in 1951 with Toledo of the American Association. Strong, loose, and confident, he joined the Bengals at the end of last season and had five hits in seven games, including a double and a homer. With the Mudhens he batted a fine .341. Manager Rolfe rates him a chance to stick.

Another Kell joins the Philadelphia Athletics in the person of Everett L., brother of the famous George who got his start with the Mackmen but who is now with the Tigers. The youngster is twenty-two years old and comes up from Savannah of the South Atlantic League. Nicknamed "Skeeter," he played in 122 games and batted .293. He was the fourth best fielding second sacker in the loop.

Outfielder Manuel Rivera, who goes by the name of "Jim," was the prize plum in last November's big deal between the Browns and the White Sox. A native of Brooklyn, nationally Puerto Rican, he led Rogers Hornsby's Seattle team to the Coast league flag last season, and the new Brownie pilot believes Rivera will develop into one of the finds of the coming season. Winning the Coast league batting title with a mark of .352 and leader of several hitting departments, he performed sensationally last year. The six-foot outfielder led the league in runs scored (135), hits (231), and doubles (40). He bats and throws left-handed and might have gone into professional boxing except for his baseball chores.

Washington rookie hopes center around outfielder Francisco Joe Campos, who brings up a fine record compiled in 1951 with Charlotte of the Tri-State League. The twenty-six-year-old Havana native won the batting title there with .368 average for 123 games. He had 39 doubles, 10 triples, and a half dozen homers. He was the fifth best fielding gardener in the loop and has been given a can't-miss tag by the Washington organization. Campos got into eight games for Washington at the end of last season and batted a neat .423. He has a great chance of winning a Nat starting berth in the outfield.

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The defending National League Champions don't intend to let the other clubs gain on them in the rookie department judging, from the fine crop they are looking over. In the forefront of these is a capable replacement for their star shortfielder, Alvin Dark. His name is Rudy Rufer and he's taking a third shot at a Giant berth. Rudy, but twenty-four years old, was a bonus player with the Phillies in 1948 but was acquired by the Giants' Jersey City farm in '49. He was with the Giants all through 1950 but saw service in but 15 games. Optioned to Minneapolis last year, he fielded well but hit for only .233. However, he stole 54 bases in 59 attempts, the most stolen in the American Association in the last 27 years.

In the battle to fill Eddie Stanky's old second-base spot on the Giants is Ron Samford, twenty-two-year-old right handed swinger, appearing in the big time after four progressive years with the Giants chain. He had his top minor league season last year when he swatted Western League pitching for .296 and poled 15 homers. This was with Sioux City. He made the Western League all-star team. He is regarded by Carl Hubbell as one of the finest infield prospects in the Giants organization.

Also in the youth and speed department is outfielder Gail Henley, twenty-two-year-old left-handed batter, getting his first crack at the majors. A Southern California alumnus who was a track and basketball phenomenon, he played with Sioux City and Minneapolis, hitting .281 at the former and .260 at the latter. He has a good chance to stick with the New Yorkers this season.

Best Bets

Up for his third shot at the majors is twenty-seven-year-old left-handed hitting outfielder George Shuba. Signed to a

New Orleans contract by Wid Mathews in 1944, this rookie-veteran has seen plenty of service in organized baseball. He got his first big-league trial with the Dodgers in 1948 after leading the Southern Association with a sensational .389 average over a 74-game span. With Montreal all of last year, he hit .310 and smacked 20 homers. A Youngstown, Ohio, boy, he has a good chance to stick this time.

Also highly regarded by the Brooks' brass is Bill Antonello, a twenty-four-year-old outfielder who bats and throws right-handed. He's up from St. Paul, where he hit 17 home runs last season while batting .253. A former infielder, he seems finally to have mastered the switch to the outer garden. He had his best year at Mobile in 1949 where he collected 13 homers, 98 runs batted in, and a league-leading total of 38 doubles.

Through the years, the St. Louis Cardinals have usually managed to come up with some very fine rookies, and this season should be no exception. Chief among the younger crop and most widely heralded with such soubriquets as "another Dizzy Dean" is Wilmer



Rudy Rufer

"Vinegar Bend" Mizell, a great lefthanded pitching prospect who has attracted widespread attention and posted phenomenal strikeout records wherever he has pitched. With Houston last year he won 16 and lost 14 and his over-all record was fabulous. He finished with a 1.96 earned-run average, struck out 257 batters in 238 innings, and allowed but 161 hits. He struck out 18 in one game, 17 and 15 on two other occasions, and 13 three times. He has played with only three clubs in three years (each a pennant winner) and has made good with each assignment. He has a good chance to make it.

Another strong pitching possibility of the Cardinals is Octavio Rubert, a twenty-six-year-old right-hander, who also compiled an outstanding record with Houston last year. He won 18 and lost 5 and his won-lost percentage of .792 was tops in the Texas League.

The Philadelphia Phillies, who found infield reserves missing last year, hope they have a good one in Dick Young, a twenty-four-year-old, left-handed batter who joined the Phils at the end of last season after hitting .301 in 140 games for Schenectady. He led the Eastern League in base hits with 166. The Phils like his chances because he has made his league's all-star team the last three years.

One of the most widely publicized rookies of all time is Paul Pettit of the Pittsburgh Pirates back after a year of wide traveling in '51. He divided last season between Indianapolis, New Orleans, Charleston, and Pittsburgh. Pirate scout Tom Downey created a sensation in 1950 when he signed Pettit for a reported \$100,000 bonus a few days after his graduation from Narbonne High School in Lomita, California. In his high school days, he pitched six nohitters and had scouts from all over camping on his doorstep. Due to all the publicity, he has worked under considerable pressure and his minor league work has been on the rocky side. The Pirates hope he is ready now.

The Boston Braves have a chap named Pete Whisenant, whose last name they'd like to shorten to just plain "Whiz." He's a twenty-two-year-old, right-hand-hitting outfielder who returns to baseball after a year with Uncle Sam's Navy. Before he joined the colors, he was regarded as the number-one outfield prospect in the entire Braves' organization. With Denver in the Western League in 1950 he batted .312, slammed 24 homers, and led the league in runs batted in with 119 while scoring 125.

The Chicago Cubs offer one of 1952's brightest rookie prospects in the person of Leon Brinkopf, a twenty-five-year-old right-hand-hitting third baseman recalled from Los Angeles where he hit .279, rapped 25 home runs, and drove in 93 tallies last season. Always a long ball hitter, he was named his club's most valuable player in 1951.

The Cincinnati Reds feel that one of their outer posts may go to Wally Post, a twenty-two-year-old, right-hand-hitting outfielder who was labeled one of the International League's top prospects. He batted .306 in 111 games with Buffalo last year and had 21 homers. He excels on defense, which would be a great asset in the Reds' big park and brings into the big leagues one of the strongest and most accurate throwing arms in the game.

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CHILDREN OF THE RAINBOW

By Bryan MacMahon. 512 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Above everything else, Bryan MacMahon's genius-and true genius it is-is that of the story-teller. Of all Irish writers today, his art is closest to that of the senachie, the Gaelic teller of tales. So Children of the Rain-



\$3.95

B. MacMahon

bow is very little a novel in the conventional sense. Rather is it a grand collection of stories loosely linked; but such grand stories, so full of understanding and compassion, that novel or no, the book is an occasion for cheers. In the very first chapter are two episodes alone that, taken from their context, would be outstanding short stories.

The fault of the book is that it is episodic and that MacMahon is but feebly feeling his way in the formal pattern established for the novel. The thin plot thread is even based on such a banal and hackneyed theme as the rich girl and the poor challenging the love of the lad of the people. But plot matters little in the wild richness of Mac-Mahon's characterizations of the people of Cloone and of the turns and twists of the stories of their lives.

Although it is written in the Beurla, in English, this is a Gaelic book and its lustiness may offend those of insecure gentility. But the people MacMahon writes about are Gaelic-thinking if they are not actually Irish-speaking; and theirs is another world than the Ireland most exiles know. It is a world of poetry and passion, of loud laughter and moaning sadness. It has the magnificent holy wildness of the caoine, the Irish death cry, of which MacMahon writes so gloriously in a chapter that no one with an Irish heart may read without tears.

DORAN HURLEY.

THE FORGOTTEN ONE

246 pages. By James Norman Hall, Atlantic, Little, Brown. \$3.50

The insatiable wanderlust of the armchair traveler has been and probably always will be responsible for the continuous flow of books and short stories that make a dream haven of the South Sea Islands. It is rare indeed that an author changes the long-fixed pattern of these tales-rum, native women, and

moonlight. James Norman Hall, in his recent collection of short stories about the Island, goes along with the herd. His only variant is some emphasis on the mental quirks of his heroes, four of whom (there are six stories in the collection) are degenerate whites who like Ronald Crichton, "one of those men . . . who are . . . mistakes of Nature," finds the Islands a refuge from civilization.

Apparently Mr. Hall feels that he has fulfilled his obligations as an author when he merely reports what his characters do, there being no need to analyze why they act and think as they do in any given situation. There is no reason or free will in Mr. Hall's brand of ethics, so he feels at ease in ignoring retribution and divine law. He is sometimes politely sympathetic when his wretches drink the dregs of their sorrows as, for instance, in "Frisbie of Danger Island," the story of a disillusioned young American in Tahiti who goes "native," and, again, in "A Happy Hedonist" which starts the author wondering "on what farthest star . . . is the true home of the searcher for beauty, happiness, and the free life?"

One puts down this collection of stories feeling that Mr. Hall is just another writer who is helping to keep fiction at a mediocre level.

ELIZABETH M. NUGENT.

MY COUSIN RACHEL

By Daphne du Maurier. 348 pages. Doubleday & Co. \$3.50

The fact that publishers these days tend to dish up more and more of the pastries of commercialism and less and less of the good, red meat of art sometimes causes reviewers to forget that integrity has more



D. du Maurier

than one flavor. Thus, to be "entertaining" is often to be more than slightly suspect, while to be "popular" is tantamount to being downright corrupt.

Just what the doctor ordered to adjust the perspective on this point is Daphne du Maurier's new novel, My Cousin Rachel, an imaginative, suspenseful lallapalooza of a yarn that puts impeccable craftsmanship to work at being uncompromisingly entertaining, and if

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A first-person account of the curious relationship between an immature young lord of a Cornish manor and a worldly mystery woman who remains a mystery to the very end, My Cousin Rachel bears certain similarities to the author's earlier Rebecca, which, at least to one reader, it surpasses in subtlety, in the provocative quality of its title character, and, incidentally, by requiring the performance of no juggling feats with the moral code.

Miss du Maurier records the imperceptible shiftings from prejudiced hatred to abject love to unreasoning suspicion in 348 pages of perfectly sustained mood writing that saves its biggest moment for the very last page. Characterizations are sensitively drawn, the structure of the novel is just about perfect, and the author is in control every sentence of the way. Clearly, My Cousin Rachel is the most fascinating enigma in many a moon and one of the most readable novels in several seasons. It's a Grade A corker. CLARE POWERS.

EISENHOWER

By John Gunther. Harper & Bros.

After a fast look "Inside Ike" at SHAPE, near Paris, Mr. Gunther has sped to market with another of his popular, slapdash effigies of the great. His well-timed objective is to prove that NATO's commander



180 pages.

\$2.50

John Gunther

would make a "superlative" President of the United States. For an unofficial campaign document, this pamphlet offers some odd disclosures.

Eisenhower reveres Gen. George C. Marshall "practically as a god or father." A "close friend and admirer" is Anna Rosenberg, who arranged his famous CIO address at Atlantic City in 1946. George E. Allen, the Truman jokesmith, is a "chosen crony." Eisenhower "likes and respects deeply" Mr. Truman himself.

Gunther ignores his hero's blunders at the Falaise Gap, in the drive to disaster at Arnhem and the refusal to occupy Prague. Failure to occupy Berlin is branded as "an example of lack of foresight and downright bad judgment," As to the Battle of the Bulge, it is admitted that "American defenses should have been stronger in the Ardennes, that we were caught napping, and that we gravely underestimated the last remnants of German skill and strength."

Given Eisenhower's undisputed honesty and essential toughness, it seems plausible that a drastic uplift in domestic political morality could be expected from his election.

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On Gunther's showing, no such revolution is to be anticipated in foreign affairs. It is true that Eisenhower had no enthusiasm for Yalta, protested the first use of the atom bomb by the United States, and warned Mr. Truman at Potsdam against paying too high a price for Russia's entrance into the Pacific war. But the General is a devout believer in the United Nations and as ardent a Europe-firster as Dean Acheson himself. As Eisenhower appears to indicate on page 50, his attitude toward MacArthur tends to bristle with the antipathy of plebeian for aristocrat.

RICHARD L. STOKES.

LINCOLN AND HIS GENERALS

By T. Harry Williams. 367 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.00

The dismissal of General MacArthur brought to the attention of the American public the Civil War controversy over Lincoln's handling of one of his most prominent commanders, George B. McClellan. In Lincoln and His Generals, T. Harry Williams covers fully the characteristics and incidents which led to the departure of "the Young Napoleon" from his high post. He concludes that in this instance Lincoln was not only correct, but that he exercised admirable patience and restraint.

McClellan was only one of many generals who paraded before the Union armies in a series of unsuccessful or quasi-unsuccessful engagements. The Civil War President, as a military amateur, had to learn by a long and painful process of experiment how to distinguish the mouthings of Joseph Hooker or the conceit of John Pope from the more solid qualities of Grant or Sherman. During this trying interim, the Northern armies experienced an almost continuous series of defeats on the Virginia front and only mediocre success in the West.

The author generally absolves Lincoln from any great responsibility for early Union failures. He does admit Lincoln's initial ignorance of war problems, though he feels that the President grew to have considerable expert knowledge. The book finds little fault with Lincoln's handling of his generals or with his strategic decisions. Some may disagree with this perhaps overlaudatory estimate of Lincoln's military abilities. Few will deny, however, that Mr. Williams has presented his case interestingly

and well. For the first time almost, such bearded daguerreotypes as Pope, Rosecrans, Meade, become humans with individual characteristics, foibles, and weaknesses. That accomplishment in itself is enough to recommend *Lincoln and His Generals* above the majority of other works dealing with the Civil War period.

HENRY L. ROFINOT.

SAINTS FOR OUR TIMES

By Theodore Maynard. 296 pages. Appleton-Century-Crofts. \$3.50

The literal meaning of the word martyr is a witness. Not all the saints considered in this volume became martyrs in the sense in which we now use the word. But they are all witnesses to Christ and His Truth



T. Maynard

and the testimony they give is shown by Theodore Maynard to have special

application to our times.

Just as all saints do not necessarily become witnesses in the shedding of their blood, so all witnesses do not necessarily become saints in the sense of official canonization. The author of this book is intrigued, in the study of several of the personalities considered here, by the seemingly fortuitous circumstances which separated these canonized witnesses from the great throng of anonymous saints concealed in the secret history of the Church. This "if-ness" is not mere whimsical speculation. It gives a new psychological dimension to several of these essays.

These are not lives of the saints in any conventional sense: biographical detail is slight in most of these essays. They are studies of the testimony given by these saints, slanted with greater or less success in the direction of the preoccupations of our own days. Not all of them are quite brought off; not all of the persons come quite alive. But the best among them attain so high a quality of thought and expression that they carry along the less successful ones. For this reader the author has been most successful with Thomas More, Catherine of Siena, Philip Neri, and Isaac Jogues, which gives some indication of the versatility of a charming book.

FENTON MORAN.

THIS CROOKED WAY

By Elizabeth Spencer. 247 pages. Dodd, Mead. \$3.00

It's an even bet as to whether bewilderment or acute ennui will claim more victims of *This Crooked Way*. In addition to being a plodding bore, the book has a fog-like indistinctness of expression that weaves and jerks and

EASTER EGGS



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THE MONASTINE PRESS

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finally leaves the reader altogether stranded for direction. The narrative is spliced with awkward, empurpled passages—"The confession that would dim the pass with blood to polish this day's Morgan blood in"—which submerge the theme (a man's belief in living by his own set of principles, regardless of the consequences) in a welter of words.

At sixteen, Amos Dudley heard a Baptist preacher tell the Bible story of Jacob and the ladder of angels and he got it into his head that he wanted to see the same vision himself some day. He was a nobody from the Mississippi Delta when he left the farm with his friend Arney, but his type of grit and determination in time steeled him to a sort of ruthless success.

Ary Morgan, daughter of a proud old river family, was the first rung on his shining ladder. He married her after turning out the woman who had helped him wrest a thriving plantation from the swampy wilderness.

The rest of his snowballing material prominence is related in a series of disjointed "Indictments" by Arney, Ary, and a young niece, who all grow gradually to hate him; the last chapter is Amos's defense of his actions. Instead of creating the desired three-dimensional effect of the central player, this device is used to introduce a host of extraneous cardboard creatures whose background stories are both unhappy and unimportant. Amos never casts more than an unexplained shadow; even at the point where he nods benevolently over a sordid affair involving his daughter and his own illegitimate son, he remains an indifferent figure, unable to capture this onlooker's imagination.

LOIS SLADE.

314 pages.

\$4.50

FOURTEEN MEN

By Arthur Scholes. E. P. Dutton

Ever since the Kon-Tiki raft managed to ride the crest of the best-seller list with such buoyant success, a wave of "truth-is-strangerthan-fiction" chronicles has appeared on the publishing horizon. The latest of these

Arthur Scholes

is Arthur Scholes' Fourteen Men, a firsthand account of an expedition of Australian adventurers and scientists who spent the year 1947 on an uncharted Antarctic peninsula.

The book is, in general, as uneven as the turbulent Antarctic waters the author describes. Written in a goodhumored, unpretentious style, the narrative assumes a promising initial pace; and our first glimpse of the polar region, with its icebergs twenty miles

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long, its sunlight eighteen hours a day, and its strange animal inhabitants, is truly compelling.

However, once these natural wonders have been accorded their proper awe, the reader becomes increasingly conscious of a peculiar deficiency in this adventure story-namely, a lack of adventure. He does not find in these pages the high degree of personal danger of Kon-Tiki, or the observations of a strange people that made E. Lucas Bridges' Uttermost Part of the Earth a modern pioneering classic. Instead, the reader is introduced to a grim, lonely island and a routine of physical labor and penguin-feeding that proves to be as unexciting in the Antarctic as it would be anywhere else.

Having allowed for the occasional thinness of Mr. Scholes' material, it should be mentioned finally that the author's realistic portrait of fourteen robust men, who lived for a year under trying circumstances, never once resorts to an offense against good taste. In view of the practice of many current literary "realists," this would seem a feat as remarkable as the expedition itself. RICHARD C. CROWLEY.

THE PECULIAR WAR

211 pages. By E. J. Kahn, Jr. Random House.

The publisher's blurb on the jacket of this book states that The Peculiar War "clarifies for those who are far from the scene what the men of so many nationalities are fighting for on the Korean firing line." That statement should easily qualify as the overstatement of the year. In the introduction of the book, the author is more modest. He informs the



Taking a short cut across a golf course near the mountain resort hotel at which he was vacationing, a New Yorker was hit by a golf ball. Approaching the culprit, he delivered a lecture on carelessness.

"And what's more," he finally wound up, "I think I'll sue you for five hundred dollars."

"But I said fore," protested

"You did?" replied the other. "I'll take it."

-Eleanor Fields

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Wherever good books are sold

THE NEWMAN PRESS

Westminster, Maryland

reader that he spent less than three months in Korea during the relatively quiet period a few days before Mac-Arthur was relieved of command too shortly before the cease-fire negotiations began.

Subtitled: "Impressions of a Reporter in Korea," the author has attempted to make some aspects of the conflict more understandable. The fact of the matter is that during his stay in Korea there was little "good copy" to report and as a result the book is patched out with isolated and fragmentary incidents. Most of the material in the book originally appeared in the New Yorker. Now served up in book form, it has lost its freshness and it is difficult to understand why the publishers considered the series to be of sufficient importance to justify preservation in book form.

There are, of course, some interesting bits of background information and good local color. However, if you want to know why the Korean mess is a peculiar war, you won't get much enlightenment here. DOYLE HENNESSY.

288 pages.

\$3.50

THE LONG LONELINESS

By Dorothy Day. Harper & Bros.

Miss Day's autobiography is an inspiring story full of the fervor and undaunted drive so characteristic of the 54-year-old co-founder of The Catholic Worker. Those partial to the program

and ideals of the **Dorothy Day** Catholic Worker Movement will applaud vigorously; others, unimpressed by Miss Day's espousal of pacificism and "back-to-the-land" movement, will marvel at her surrender of self to her work.

With Peter Maurin, a French peasantphilosopher, Miss Day embarked on a strenuous Catholic social program which included houses of hospitality where the needy might come for both food and sleep. Recruits were many and the idea spread to a dozen American cities.

Unemployment, injustice, and strange silence on the part of many Catholic leaders were the targets of Miss Day's program. Occasionally, members ran afoul of both civil and church officials. But in the main, the desire to improve conditions through action as well as prayer yielded rich returns.

Early training in Socialist and Communist causes taught Brooklyn-born Miss Day the value of a militant press. When she entered the Catholic Church in 1927, she brought with her the zeal of "know-how" of her fellow workers. In 1933, the first issue of 2,500 copies of The Catholic Worker rolled off the presses. Today, circulation numbers over 600,000.

Miss Day's firsthand contact with the squalor of the poor, oppression by the rich and powerful, and the brutality of law enforcement officers leaves little doubt why radical movements gained so strong a foothold in the United States Fortunately, Pope Pius XI's lament that the workers of the world would be low to the Church has never materialized It was through the efforts of Miss Day and priests and laymen similarly in. spired that the tide was turned.

FRANCIS X. GALLAGHER

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HOLD BACK THE NIGHT

By Pat Frank. 210 pages. J. B. Lippincott Co.

During a crucial period in the Korean war, a "lost company" distinguished itself by breaking through an enemy trap and fighting its way back to friendly lines under tremendous odds. Hold Back the Night



Pat Frank

tells of a fictional Marine group in a like situation, caught by a surprise attack near the Changjin Reservoir.

Almost any observer, in the early winter of 1950, was ready to believe that the struggle over the Thirty-Eighth parallel had entered its final stages. The strategy MacArthur termed "the United Nations' massive compression envelopment in North Korea" had succeeded in putting the aggressors momentarily on the ropes. But the Chinese were still to be reckoned with, and as the scene of combat moved up the Yalu River, Mao Tse-tung's armies struck, disrupting communications, isolating commands, and pushing allied remnants toward the sea.

Before being cut off from headquarters, Dog Company had been ordered to afford running protection for Regiment's north flank as they headed for the port of evacuation. Of the original 126 men. 14 reached the coast alive.

Pat Frank does a first-rate job of transmitting to his readers the actual experience of that harrowing trek, with its gnawing cold, the terrible, dulling fatigue, the constant gearing to outwit the ambush waiting beyond every turn in the road. Lonely for the things of home, many of them frankly puzzled as to just why all the fuss about this nasty spit of frozen land, the personnel of Dog Company represent a cross section of clearly defined individuals. If their politics-and morals-are at variance, their united grit and ingenuity under fire are the kind that have been winning America's battles for nearly two hundred years. It's a good, tightly written tribute that should help take some of the sting out of President Truman's ignominious verbal slap at the LOIS SLADE. Corps.

SOME OTHERS AND MYSELF

By Ruth Suckow. Rinehart & Co.

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LADE. IGN 281 pages.

Ruth Suckow (pronounced Soo-Koe) returns to the American literary scene after an absence of ten years. Her seven short stories and a memoir are of the same high merit that made her previous novels and Ruth Suckow



short stories unequalled in the accuracy and insight of their portrayal of American life on the farms and in the towns and villages of the Middle West. Those who admired such novels of hers as Country People (1924) or The Folks (1934) and such collections of short stories as Iowa Interiors (1926) and Children and Older People (1931) will welcome this new edition.

The seven stories, character sketches of the highest merit, deal with simple folk, mostly small-town people whose lives though often average are, nevertheless, frequently tinged with the heroic. There is almost always an undercurrent of stark drama packed into these surfacely quiet sketches. One ceases to be a reader and finds himself almost a participant in the actions.

Perhaps the best of the stories is "Mrs. Vogel and Ollie," although many an argument will be advanced (and probably sustained) over the merits of "One of Three Others" or "Merrittsville." All the stories have a deceptive simplicity; all, though describing characters out of the past, establish for the reader personalities of the present.

"The Memoir" is the story of Ruth Suckow's spiritual awakening. She begins by describing her experiences as the daughter of a Congregational minister in Hawarden, Iowa. One hundred and ten pages later, she has revealed her own philosophy of religion. This is a beautifully told story of her own spiritual life and out of this reading one can see very clearly much that has contributed to Miss Suckow's greatness as a writer.

Some Others and Myself is a solid work; I recommend it most highly. WILLIAM MILLER BURKE.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A HUNTED PRIEST

By John Gerard. Trans. by Philip Caraman. Pellegrini & Gudahy. 287 pages. \$3.50

As Graham Greene says in his introduction to this book, Elizabethan literature is strangely silent on the martyrs, the men and women who died for the faith under the persecutions of Elizabeth. What an untapped source of dramatic power lies fallow to the hand of some future writer is revealed by this

new translation of the story of John Gerard, an English Jesuit who suffered persecution and torture during the years 1588 to 1606.

Ordained in 1588, Father Gerard embarked on the English mission from Rome. In peril of his life, he disguised himself as a country gentleman, found refuge with wealthy Catholics who could afford to support and aid him, and thus managed to say Mass and convert numerous people to Catholicism. The Catholic homes where he was sheltered sooner or later became suspect; sudden raids were conducted by the pursuivants, often without success. Eventually Father Gerard was apprehended and imprisoned in the Counter, the Clink, and finally the Tower where he was brutally tortured, without satisfaction to his persecutors who were never able to extract any information from him. His escape from the Tower, replete with faithful aides, ropes, and moats is as dramatic and thrilling a tale as the most daring and romantic historical novel could be.

Apart from its dramatic impact, the book offers a valuable picture of Elizabethan England. It is also, of course, a testimonial to Faith and in the implications of the persecution of religion may be read as a contemporary document. With all its remoteness there is at the same time a sense of immediacy and urgency about it which reflects the con-FORTUNATA CALIRI. temporary scene.

THE SOCIOLOGY OF THE PARISH

Edited by C. J. Nuesse & Thos. J. Harte, C.Ss.R. 354 pages. Bruce Publishing Co. \$4.50

Only two of the fifteen authors who have contributed to this book have written in popular vein, for it is intended to be a scientific study in sociology and not for general reading. It is an excellent start in this country toward catching up with work done in the field abroad. Following two chapters on the history of the parish, are studies on parish organization in American communities, social research in the parish, the parish apostolate, and brief surveys of Canada, Germany, and Poland.

Obviously not all the chapters are equal in sociological value and insight, academic quality or readability, but the most unsatisfactory aspect is insufficient attention to work abroad. The editors correctly give pioneer status to LeBras' history of religious practice in France, but they ignore his important contributions in the many studies of his students. They omit reference to the work of the Dominican Father Kopf with Canon Boulard; the excellent publications of Canon Boulard and others with the Dominican publishing house Cerf; and the work, founded on theoretical and practical research of the The Autobiography of

DOROTHY DAY

publisher of The Catholic Worker and co-founder of the Catholic Worker Movement

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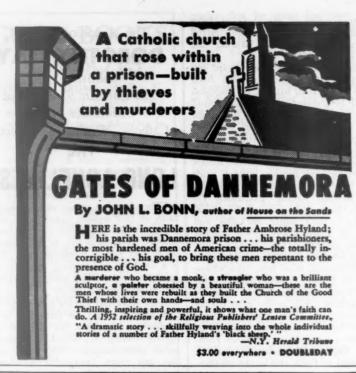
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Dominican Sisters of the Countryside and catechists in various cities. Mention ought also to have been made of Canon LeClercq's studies in Louvain. especially his annual conferences on the sociology of religion.

The book as a whole, however, well merits the praise accorded to it by Cardinal Stritch in his preface. It has good value for pastors, seminarians, and intellectual laymen who are interested in understanding the place and function of parish life, so that the functional value of the parish may be enhanced for the extension of the Kingdom of God upon earth.

EVA J. ROSS.

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BEST OF THE BEST SHORT STORIES

Edited by Martha Foley. 369 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3.75

Here are twenty-five short stories, published over a period of thirty-five years and reprinted from the series fathered by Edward J. O'Brien and god-mothered by Martha Foley; evidences of a living and varied art.

Some of the tales are near fantasy. Amarantha, the farm girl, is bewitched by a madman. An enormous radio goes berserk and fills a New York living room with the quarreling from neighboring apartments. A young man who let a pretty good sort of girl get away from him, meets her years later, married to someone else.

Faulkner's 1939 "Hand Upon the Waters" foreshadows "Intruders in the Dust." "The Blue Sash" and "Boys Will be Boys" have wholesome warmth. "Prince of Darkness" is representative, and one of the most brilliant, of the



Apology

►On an errand for his wife, a meek little fellow waited patiently at the counter of a drygoods store in the Bronx, ignored by the salesgirls, who were busily engaged in conversation.

As he was about to give up, the back door was flung wide and the wrathful proprietor stormed in. He apologized profusely to the waiting customer for the poor service. Then he turned to the salesgirls.

"So!" he shouted. "Three clerks I got and they can't even wait on one lousy customer!"

-Myra Fischer

many priest-baiting stories for which some Catholic lay writers today appear to have a fierce compulsion. Present are the two studies in physical torment, "Christ in Concrete" and "The Interior Castle." Here are Kay Boyle, Hemingway, and Lardner's wonderful and dreadful "Haircut."

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Another anthologist might have chosen twenty-five others, it is true; but every piece in this collection has that rarity today, discipline, and most of them, strongly compressed emotion. If all are not the stylistic triumphs of that variation on a familiar theme by James Thurber, "The Catbird Seat," they are mountain peaks about the marshmallowy romances that interlard the flamboyant advertising in most modern magazine writing.

Such an anthology as this can make the twentieth century remembered not so much for its multitudinous wars and hot clarinets, but as the age of an honorable art form, the Short Story.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

SHORT NOTICES

BEHOLD THE MAN. By Rupert Langenstein, C. P. 80 pages. Bruce. \$1.25. The revelation which has come to us from Christ has been transmitted more abundantly and subtly by what He is than by what He says. He is not simply a mediator bearing informative messages from God. He is God-God living as man and doing a perfect job of it. To be perfect men, all we need do is look at Him and do likewise. All we need do is what Pilate challenged the mob to do, "Behold the Man." Father Rupert issues the same invitation in the title to his book, and proceeds, in fifteen Passion vignettes, to exhibit the Man for our edification and instruction. Dealing with the climactic season of Christ's life, this little book makes particularly appropriate Lenten reading.

FORTY STEPS TO EASTER. By V. Rev. Msgr. Aloysius F. Coogan. 141 pages. Bruce. \$2.50. As Editor of Catholic Missions, the Propagation of the Faith magazine, the author was intensively preoccupied with the literary side of the Christian apostolate. His thirteen years in that assignment have equipped him for the production of this book which he calls Forty Steps to Easter. It is a volume of meditations on Christian doctrine, standards, and practices. One for each of the forty days of Lent. They are handled with the journalist's command of current idiom and the priest's awareness of the problematical corners of ethical life. Excellent spiritual diet to supplement positively for the more negative practice of the Lenten fast.



Christmas Club for Christ

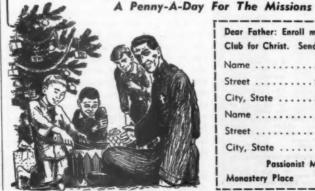
Penny Crusade for Souls

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(Letter excerpt from Passionist Missionary, February 1952)

"I brought a bundle of clothing to the jail yesterday. It was requested by Father Justin. While the bundle was being inspected, I asked to see Bishop O'Gara. Refused that, then I asked to see Father Paul and was turned down. My next request was to see Father Harold. Again I was refused, so I asked to see Father Justin. I had hoped they would get mad enough to throw me into jail for a few days, so that I might have an opportunity to see and talk to the prisoners. They sure did get plenty mad, but simply shoved me out into the street, much to the surprise of the sightseers, who did not expect me to come out again and were waiting around to make sure. In these days the usual thing is to go in but not to come out."



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THE PILLAR. By David Walker. 313 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.00. These amiable and penetrating character studies tell the story of six British soldiers who share housekeeping in a German P.O.W. camp. They include Busty, the pillar and integrating force of their "mess;" Mark, a born and bred tactician; Peter, the happily married rich boy; self-righteous, fussy Keith; Adrian, the aloof intellectual; and Bob, an engineering genius. The dullness of their lives is alleviated by their frequent dangerous but unsuccessful attempts at escape. A tranquil book with a restless theme.

THE RISE OF MODERN COMMU-NISM. By Massimo Salvadori. 118 pages. Holt. \$2.00. This little book is essentially a primer and is valuable as a field of reference for any particular phase or incident of Communism or Communist activity. Brief but comprehensive, easy to read but not superficial, it is the story of Communism from its origin in early nineteenth-century theoretical utopian idealism to its ugly reality today. A scholarly condensation, remarkable for all it includes, it is published in two editions; the trade edition introduction is by Norman Thomas, the college edition has an alternate introduction. There is a useful bibliographical note, not too extensive, and a full index.

ALEXANDER POPE: CATHOLIC POET. By Francis B. Thornton. 312 pages. Pellegrini & Cudahy. \$4.75. Here's a book for students and lovers of English literature. The author's aim is rather an interpretation of Pope's works and religion than a new biography. This he has accomplished-and more. As well as an apologia on Pope, Father Thornton has written a brilliant critique on that not-too-nice period in English history. One will reread Pope with greater understanding and tolerance after this penetrating, accurate picture of his era, painted in masterly fashion.

ST. ANGELA OF THE URSULINES. By Mother Francis d'Assisi, O.S.U. 207 pages. Bruce. \$3.00. In this fictionized biography, the author has written a poignant story of the foundress of the Ursulines. Born in 1474, Angela Merici early knew sorrow, as, one by one, death deprived her of her family. At twenty she became a Tertiary in the Third Order of St. Francis and for many years she labored in her native Lombardy, teaching Christian Doctrine (there were no printed manuals), ministering to the sick and poor. It was not until a few years before her death in 1540 that she founded the Order of St. Ursula at Brescia, as was foretold to her in a vision many years before.

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PIONEER PRIEST

(Continued from page 59)

day. It took Father Perquin six years before he was able to build his own studio and transmitter, but it was a day worth working and waiting for, he said, as he listened to Msgr. Jansen, then the Archbishop of Utrecht, dedicate the buildings. That was the same year, 1931, that the indomitable priest scored another notable triumph. He brought the voice of the Holy Father to the faithful in Holland for the first time over the radio.

But Father Perquin's clear vision was not limited to the frontiers of his own country. He was the first to issue a call for international co-operation between radio broadcasters, and founded the European co-operative organization in this field which exists to this day. He too was one of the first to understand the possibility of sending radio programs a great distance by means of short-wave transmitters. On July 4, 1933, the Dutch Catholic Radio Company sent out its first program to Dutch and other missionary priests all over the

As time went on, these world-wide transmissions were stepped up until they reached Catholic priests and their flocks in the most remote corners of the world. One of Father Perquin's greatest joys was the letters he received from grateful missionaries in India, Java, China, Malaya, Africa-wherever the broadcasts were heard.

It is good to be able to relate that just before he died, Father Perquin had the satisfaction of seeing his organization move for the second time into entirely new quarters because its rapid expansion had made it outgrow the old buildings and facilities. The new installations were dedicated in his presence on May 10, 1938, by the new Archbishop of Utrecht, who is now Cardinal De Jong.

But it was the message of faith that his stations carried-and still carry-to every nook and corner of the world that pleased Father Perquin most. To him the buildings and the apparatus were just necessary means to the end of serving God and the Catholic faithful. The decorations he received for his work from his own and many foreign governments he valued only as visual proof that his humble efforts to propagate the Faith were bearing fruit.

His greatest reward, the devoted priest often said, was a letter he received one day from a fellow priest in the Dutch East Indies. "You have brought Christ to the pagans and made them Christians," the letter said. Father Perquin sank to his knees and gave thanks that God had permitted him to accomplish

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MAMA LIVES WITH US

(Continued from page 15)

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It was after this ordeal of getting my mother suitably arrayed for her entrance into the hospital emergency room, that I decided that one should always-for stubborn cases like this-keep a little chloroform on the pantry shelf. That would settle my mother the next time she decided, at an awkward moment, to be one of the Ten Best Dressed Women in the country.

Anyway, my mother enjoyed her stay in the hospital immensely because she had a ringside bed in a big and crowded ward. She later refused to be moved into a private room, after once tasting the delights of the ward, because she couldn't bear to miss anything-especially the accident victims that would be brought in, moaning and screaming, in the middle of the night. It was practically as exciting as living in a police station, she reported happily, and ten times more comfortable.

Yet even her fractured skull was not a serious enough occasion to warrant, in her estimation, wearing one of the stored-away bed jackets. Those are for the Last Illness. Not just temporary periods of being somewhat indisposed,

As our family doctor says, with a pitying glance in my direction: "They just don't come like your mother any more. Nowadays, women just don't seem to have any staying power."

THE only thing that I, the weakling daughter, can do to build up my muscles and character is to take up fencing. My mother, who never throws anything away, recently handed me a July, 1897 copy of Munsey's Magazine wherein I perused an interesting article entitled: "The Modern Swordswoman."

"Physicians appreciate and recommend fencing unreservedly," read the article. "It quickens the pulse, stirs the blood, gives the muscles a moderate amount of work, and involves a minimum chance of injury, they say. The simple announcement that Mrs. J. Jacob Astor is one of the best fencers in New York has caused a perceptible increase in the demands for foils and fencing

Swayed by the influence of Mrs. J. Jacob Astor, I was on the point of sending in for my foils when I came to the last paragraph of the article. It stated baldly: "Undoubtedly, fencing will add to woman's strength and poise but, with all that, it cannot make a man of her." I lost heart immediately.

Yet I really do feel, in all seriousness, that my mother has a better way to "quicken the pulse and stir the blood" than did Mrs. J. Jacob Astor in 1897. That is, my mother's perpetual zest for acquiring new skills and in crossing off the list, one by one, her secret little life ambitions.

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Last summer Charlotte Mary Josephine fulfilled one of her little dreams of glory while visiting on a farm in Southern Indiana. They let her operate a tractor. She also, last summer, got to tour the Brookfield Zoo in Chicago. It is true that she took advantage of their wheel chair service, but I feel that wheel chairs are the only reasonable and civilized way to tour zoos, anyway. Another recently fulfilled desire was to go up in a high ferris wheel. Another was to go down into Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, wearing overalls, and take a rowboat ride on the subterranean river.

My mother may, for all I know, be still seething with all sorts of secret little desires but she has only expressed two. She would like, for Mother's Day, to go into Clark's restaurant ("Sea Foods Our Specialty") and order her first fresh lobster: not for the gastronomical experience but because she's just discovered it requires the skillful manipulation of a claw cracker. She has never handled a claw cracker.

Her other expressed desire is a little more difficult to understand. She would like, for some obscure reason, to stay overnight-alone!-in a tourist cabin.

Her fresh lobster dream may very well be realized-for I am not an unreasonable person to live with-but as to the tourist cabin, NO. I flatly refuse to consider it, even though I would have no qualms about her welfare. I iust feel that, if Charlotte Mary Josephine had nothing more to look forward to, she just might-one of these days-begin to grow old.



Sticking to Schedule

A certain writer and lecturer was scheduled to speak in a little town in the South. He had to transfer to a dilapidated train which traveled at a snail's pace. His constant complaints finally unnerved the conductor.

"If you aren't satisfied," the latter demanded angrily," why don't you get off and walk?"

"I would," was the bland reply, "but the welcoming committee doesn't expect me until this train pulls in."

-Edwin C. Clark

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LEGACY

(Continued from page 53)

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be able to eat tonight. I wonder how long it is until tonight.

"Doctors don't know everything," Papa's voice said. "How can they know what the world will look like?"

"They don't transfer souls, Papa. All they give you is the part you see through. I forget what they call it."

Alice thought. "Cornea, mamma, cornea." She ought to let them know she was awake.

But then she was really so sleepy. She could hardly hear Mamma's voice. "If you'd just read the letter, Papa, you could see he wasn't all bad. Nobody who was all bad could write a letter like

Maybe if she went back to sleep for just a little while she'd feel better. In her half-consciousness, she could hear her father's voice, halting- "My dear little Alice,

"Maybe your father told you a long time ago that I was the one who robbed the plant and killed the nightwatchman. I thought I was so smart and had all the angles figured.

"Maybe some day you can forgive me that, Alice. I didn't mean to kill the nightwatchman. It was just something awful that happened because I was so greedy. You remember I told you I'd never had very much out of life. Maybe that's why I took an interest in you, because you had so much less than I.

"A few minutes ago, they came and said I had to make out a will. I thought that was very funny, because I don't own anything. Then I got to thinking about you, and what we talked about over the fence one day, and I saw a chance to be sure you got the eyes.

"I hope they work for you. Maybe you can take them all the places I never got, because I was so busy feeling sorry for myself."

Papa looked at Mamma and pointed to the letter. "It's all smeared; did you cry on the letter?" Mamma shook her head, and Papa went on reading. Alice hovered between asleep and awake, wishing she could make more sense out of what Papa was saying.

"Everyone has to die. I'm just less fortunate that I have to know when. Or maybe I'm luckier, because I can leave the world with my fences mended. Facing it isn't so bad now that I've thought about how maybe I can give you something to live for.

"Remember how important I said it was to read? Well, now I want you to learn to read real fast, so some day you can read what I have to say to youwith my own eyes.

"Pretty funny, isn't it-kitten? Holly Jenkins.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 2)

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and good taste; and if one assures himself that a fair criticism will reach the person who can repair the damage, it hehooves all readers to appoint themselves to that duty.

However, I resent and question the type of criticism put forth in almost the whole of each and every article presented to readers of a magazine of your caliber by Milton Lomask's efforts. His first, on McCall's, omitted the best reason for criticism of that issue: an article by a Maxine Davis entitled, "If Your Man Goes Away," giving sugges-tions and advice which, if they had any value at all, belong to the confines of a doctor's office, as do so many of the articles by amateur psychologists who write for practically every type of daily, weekly, monthly-be they women's, men's, or the innumerable hobby, occupational, or professional publications. ANNE F. REGAN

Larchmont, N. Y.

"God and Man at Yale"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I write in the spirit of fraternal charity to point out that THE SIGN, by its February review of God and Man at Yale, is gravely unjust to the author, William Buckley, Jr. The reviewer quotes a sen-tence beginning, "Yale looks upon anti-Semitic, anti-negroid prejudices as false values," to imply that Buckley holds the opposite and is guilty of unChristian or Nazi racist views.

I have looked up the context and find no grounds at all for this judgment. It is unfortunate that a Catholic should be accused of Nazi racist views.

The author is simply illustrating the myth of academic freedom. He merely points out that, while extreme leftist views are tolerated on the grounds of academic freedom, extreme rightist views would not be. It should be apparent that he embraces neither. I do hope that in justice to the young author you will make this correction shortly.

(Rev.) JOHN E. DOHERTY, C.Ss.R. Bradford, Vermont

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Mr. William F. Buckley, Jr., author of God and Man at Yale, asks that I retract a statement made in my review of his book in the February 1952 issue of THE SIGN, that "he is extremely unscientific and un-Catholic in his racist theories," and . . . "No reputable scholar today holds Buckley's Nazi views."

I must admit that I based this statement merely on one paragraph in Buckley's book (page 148) and, indeed, the para-graph was not in itself upholding racism but was written to maintain Buckley's view that, while Yale professes the principles of academic freedom, nevertheless he doubted that a racist would be maintained on the faculty because: "Yale looks upon anti-Semitic, anti-negroid prejudices as

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false values, though of course they are value-judgments just the same and have been upheld by various scholars not only in the past but in the present day as well."

I did not mean to imply that Buckley himself was a Nazi, and I admit that it might indeed be said to be unfair to pick out one sentence and imply thereby that a man was wedded to such views. I pointed it out because I regretted to note that Buckley seemed to think there were "scholars" "in the present day" who uphold "anti-Semitic, anti-negroid prejudices," since such prejudices are indeed un-scholarly and unCatholic. Naturally, I regret any injustice, actual or implied, in my statement.

Eva J. Ross, Ph.D. Yale 1937 Washington, D. C.

"I Love You, But . . . "

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

. . . My sympathies are mainly for the wife. Everytime I read of these narrowminded and bigoted Catholics, shame pours through me.

K. C. CRAVEB

Riverdale, Md.

... I think the articles by a Catholic husband and his non-Catholic wife in the February number were excellent. They were far more illuminating and convincing than the usual horror tale of the non-Catholic husband who brains the baby in a rage because his downtrodden wife has finally rebelled and gone to Mass, or the Catholic bridegroom who discovers on his honeymoon that wife neglected to mention that she was a divorcee. I feel, too, that presenting both sides of the question was fine psychology. Not everyone realizes that there are two sides.

ETHEL R. SEELY

New York, N. Y.

... I ask, do you think this piece, given credence by the good name of your magazine, has added anything to the religious beliefs of anyone? Those who do not believe in mixed marriages no doubt will wave this piece around and shout about it, but all it means is that two people have for the sake of the almighty dollar elected to parade their views before the reading public.

WILLIAM D. DOUGHERTY Caldwell, N. J.

. . . As a fellow priest and religious I wonder if you would be so kind as to take a few moments out from your many duties to let me know whether this article was actually written by a Catholic Husband and a Protestant Wife. Further, would it be possible for you to reveal their name and address. Since reading that excellent article, I have daily made a memento for that

couple. I smile to myself if I am pray. ing for an imaginary couple. The view. points of both are tops.

REV. JOHN J. DOLLBAUM, M.S.C. Youngstown, Ohio

Editor's Note: The very nature of these articles precluded any identification, A mixed marriage couple actually wrote the articles.

. . . My humble opinion is that any woman who was married to the man in that article, Catholic or Protestant, would have been unhappy. Certainly after a sensible length of time of courtship, one of fair intelligence should know to some degree what kind of partner one is going to get in marriage.

MRS. IRVING E. ROBINSON

Otego, N. Y.

... My only conclusion from the article is that both husband and wife are making mountains out of molehills over such things as choice of names for the children, degrees of comfort they feel in Catholic or Protestant homes, and when to attend movies.

No one would advocate that we give up encouraging people to marry within their own Faith, but it does seem that while Catholics and Protestants continue to meet socially and continue to fall in love with each other, they should try to look at the brighter side and attempt to profit from their differences, rather than find fault because they are differ-

COREEN P. HALLENBECK

Hornell, N. Y.

. . For years I have wondered about the conduct of various Catholics toward their non-Catholic neighbors and acquaintances. Lack of kindness and consideration seems to be the code of behavior among many Catholics today. I thought the Protestant Wife's version of her experiences as the wife of a Catholic was very charitable indeed. LORETTA SCHREIBER

Scranton, Pa.

. . . Congratulations on an excellent piece of work. It is one of the most convincing arguments against mixed marriage that I have read. I am writing to offer a suggestion. If possible, I think the article should be printed in pamphlet form and it will undoubtedly reach a greater audience.

FRANCIS WHITE, C. M. Jackson, Michigan

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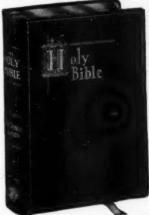
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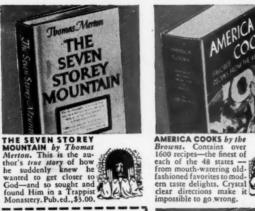
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